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CURIOUS MEDLEY.

By the lake where drooped the willow,
Row! vassals, row!
I want to be an angel,
And jump Jim Crow.

An old crow sat on a hickory limb—
None knew him but to praise;
Let me kiss him for his mother,
For he smells of Schweitzer kase.

The minstrel to the war has gone,
With his banjo on his knee;
He woke to hear the sentries shriek,
There's light in the window for thee!

A frog he would a wooing go,
His hair was curled to kill;
He used to wear an old grey coat,
And the sword of Bunker Hill.

Oft in the stilly night,
Make way for liberty, he cried;
I won't go home till morning,
With Peggy by my side.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Susannah, don't you cry;
Know how sublime a thing it is
To brush away the blue-tailed fly.

JIM BLEERLY'S GUNPOWDER PLOT.

Old Rumsoner was the presiding judge of the Toddiesoke circuit, and the meanest old reprobate that ever disgraced the bench. He rarely went to bed sober; got up every morning wrong end foremost, and generally began the day by some outrageous act of oppression. He was the terror of the bar—all but Shad Sharkle, with whom it was his normal condition to be several "chips" behind at "poker," which made him on the whole rather civil to Shad.

One morning "Old Rum" opened court in worse humor than usual. A bad "run of luck," and too much bad whisky over night, had told more than commonly on his temper.

The first thing in order was to impanel a jury of bystanders—the regular jury, befogged by one of Old Rum's incomprehensible charges, being, and having been for the last forty-eight hours, "hung" on a question of title to a yearling calf, sworn to positively by six witnesses on one side and half a dozen on the other.

"Call a jury, and be quick about it, Mr. Bumpkin," growled the judge. I held the office of sheriff, and my right name is Lumpkin, but Old Rum would persist in miscalling it.

The words were the signal for a general stampede. To be caught on one of Old Rum's juries was generally considered about equivalent to going to jail. But the judge ordered the doors to be closed in time to bag a sufficient number.

"James Bleerly," I called out.

Jim shook his head, and tipped me a deprecating wink, which I refused to understand.

"Take a seat on the jury!" I vociferated, with official emphasis.

"Jedge," said Jim, stepping forward, and blandly addressing the court, "I'd be happy to oblege ye, but the fact is it's onpossible."

"What do you mean?" roared his honor.

"Ye see," explained Jim, "it's Pop's washday—her name's Polly, but I call her Pop—and she's sent me to town arter some bluin', and onless I'm back in time—well, ye know, Jedge, how it is yerself."

Fierce as Old Rum was in public, it was currently reportes that he was tame enough at home—in fact, that his acquaintance with the proverb of the "gray mare" was something more than theoretical. At all events, Jim's appeal to the court's experience had quite the opposite of a soothing effect.

"Take your seat on the jury!" thundered Old Rum; "and if I hear any more such impertinence, I'll—I'll—"

"All right," said Jim submissively, starting toward the jury-box.

"Look'e here, Sheriff," he whispered in passing; "jest let me go and look arter my critter, and I'll be back by the time you've nabbed t'other 'leven."

T'other 'leven were speedily secured; for Old Rum would listen to no excuse—not even that of Hans Pretzelpresser, who solemnly protested that he could *nicht verstechen* English.

"Is the jury full, Mr. Bumpkin?" inquired the judge, looking up from his newspaper.

"Y'yes, your Honor," I answered unhesitatingly; "only Mr. Bleerly has stepped out to see to his horse."

"Who gave him permission!"

I had to acknowledge that I did.

"And who gave you permission to give him permission?"

To this rather complex question I thought it best to make no answer.

"Call the juror at the door!" bellowed the judge.

The bailiff sent to do so returned with the report that he had seen Jim Bleerly leaving town at full gallop, and in passing the courthouse he gave a sort of military salute; but, instead of touching his cap, he had applied his thumb to the tip of his nose.

Old Rum turned green and purple. It was some moments before he could command utterance. Rage had fairly taken away his breath.

"Make out an attachment for contempt against the fugitive!" he directed the clerk, as soon as he could speak, his voice quivering with passion.

"And, Bumpkin,"—he laid marked expression on the B this time—"if you fail to have the culprit here before court adjourns I'll make an example of you."

I knew the old sinner well enough to know he would keep his word, especially when he promised to do a mean thing. So, leaving a deputy in my place, I took the writ as soon as the clerk had signed it, and set out to serve it.

On reaching Jim's shanty—it hardly rose to the dignity of a cabin—I detailed my assistants to act as pickets, and marched boldly up and knocked at the door.

"Come in!" growled a gruff voice.

As I entered Jim glared at me fiercely. He was a strapping six-footer, all brawn and bone, and ready any time to fight for the love of it. If he hadn't come to town for "bluein'," as he pretended to Old Rum, he had, at any rate, managed to get gloriously "blue," and when in that state he was entirely reckless.

"Jim, old fellow," I said, in a conciliatory tone, "I've got an attachment for you, and want you to go with me."

"Well, I ain't got none for you," he growled, surlily; "and what's more, I ain't goin'."

I explained that resistance would be useless; that I had a strong force outside; and that I should be constrained to take him, dead or alive. But all to no purpose. Jim, obstinate enough at all times, in his present condition was perfectly mulish.

Seeing persuasion was vain, I signaled my assistants. At the sight of them Jim seized a brand from the fire.

"Ye see that kag, Mr. Lumpkin," he said, his eyes bloodshot and his voice husky; "well, it's full o' gunpowder—and by the long-toed Harry, ef one o' them onderstrappers comes across my thrashold, or ef you stay a minnit longer'n you kin git away, I'll tech her off, so help me!"

Jim, I knew, was a famous hunter, and used to buy his ammunition by the quantity. A keg of powder was nothing unusual for him to have on hand. And then Polly began to cry and take on in a way that went to prove the thing was no joke. Besides, Jim was just fool enough to do as he threatened. My two assistants took to their heels like white-heads, and, it must be confessed, I made a rapid advance in the same direction.

At a safe distance we rallied and held a council of war. We concluded to invest the place, and hold it in siege for the present.

At the end of an hour, Jim appeared at the door, waving a white rag tied to a stick.

"Is that a sign of surrender?" I shouted, from a safe distance.

"No," halloed Jim, "it's a flag of truce;" adding, "Ye han't got no tachment for Pop, hev ye?"

I answered promptly that I hadn't.

"Well, I want to pass her out," said Jim. "She's getting stericky in here; and case the wust comes to the wust I shouldn't want to be obleeged to blow the old gal up."

I thought the proposition was reasonable, and said so.

In ten minutes the door opened and "Pop" came out. She wore a scoop bonnet, and kept her handkerchief to her eyes. Her form seemed bowed by grief. We respected her sorrow and suffered her to pass.

Hour after hour went by. I began to grow fidgety. It was already three o'clock. Court adjourned at four; and unless I produced Jim before that hour, Old Rum's word was out to make "an example of me." At last I concluded to seek a parley.

"Hallo, Jim!" I shouted; "I want to speak to you."

No answer.

I drew nearer and shouted louder; still no response.

An idea struck me. Jim had probably fallen asleep after the spree. If so, I might steal a march on him.—Stealthily advancing I raised the latch, and gently pushed open the door. Instead of Jim, drunk and asleep, the object that confronted me was Pop, wide awake and duly sober.

"Where's Jim?" I exclaimed.

"Gone this two hours," replied Pop, punching the fire.

"For goodness sake be careful, madame," I expostulated, "about stirring up the sparks so close to the keg!"

"Land sake, man!" cried Pop, "it's got nothin' in it but beans."

As the enormity of the sell flashed upon me, I beat, if anything, a more hasty retreat than I did when Jim threatened to blow up his household goods, and me along with them.

"Where's the prisoner!" roared Old Rum, as I entered the court-house alone.

I tried to break it gently; but it was no use. The conclusion of my statement was lost in shouts of laughter. Old Rum's eyes rolled wildly. His face went through the whole gamut of colors. What he would have done Heaven only knows, or ever can know. An apoplexy, which the old whisky-biber had been honestly earning for twenty years, struck him like lightning, and he rolled over dead.

At his funeral, few sighs were heard, and few tears shed. No words spoken in commemoration of the virtues of the departed. The officiating clergyman expressed a faint hope, but he didn't seem very sanguine. All seemed to have "come to bury Rumsoner, not to praise him."

BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

Beautiful Spring!
Beautiful Spring!
Coming again on thy wandering wing,
Sunshine and beauty and pleasure to bring;
Gladly we welcome thee, beautiful Spring!

Robed with a mantle of gorgeous array,
Girded with tendrils of amaranths gay,
Gemm'd with bright flowerets of every hue,
Fresco'd with sunbeams and spangled with dew.

Hollow-cheek'd Sorrow and Sadness and Gloom
Vanish away to their wintry tomb;
Grief bows her fennel-crowned head to the sway,
Time, like a phantom, glides swiftly away.

Genial laughter and frolicksome mirth
Herald thy coming again upon earth,
Welcome thee back to thy throne in our bowers,
Queen of the empire of beauty and flowers.

Everything beautiful, noble, or grand,
Wakes into life at the wave of thy wand;
Earth dons her mantle of radiant sheen,
Azure and purple, and scarlet and green.

Hedgerows and forests burst out into bloom;
Flowers load the air with delicious perfume,
Winds hail thy coming with boisterous cheers,
Clouds in their gladness gush out into tears.

Birds sing thy praise with a sonorous voice,
Trees clap their broad waving hands and rejoice
Lambkins and fledglings the chorus prolong,
Streamlets gush out into rapturous song.

Mortals, enamor'd, bow down at thy shrine,
Painters portray thee a goddess divine,
Poets, the landmarks of every clime,
Praise and extol thee in epic sublime.

Everything beautiful, noble or bright,
Hails thy approach with a shout of delight,
Welcomes thee back with a jubilant ring,
Radiant, sunny-eyed, beautiful Spring!

GEORGE HEATH.

THE ROTTEN CROSS.

It has been many a long day since then, yet I remember it all, just as tho' it had occurred but yesterday.

I was a carpenter, the foreman of a large establishment, and as such possessed the entire confidence of my employer, who, by the way, had been a schoolmate of mine.

One day he called me into his office to look at some rare coins he had just purchased.

"Here," said he, placing in my hand a heavy gold piece, "is one which is worth more than all the rest put together. It is a great curiosity. I paid £200 for it, and considered it cheap at that. I could easily double my money in selling; and so you see, Harvey, it is really a good investment."

"No doubt it is," said I, "though it seems a large sum to have lie idle."

I breathed an involuntary sigh as I laid the coin down on the desk, for £200 would have seemed a fortune to me just then.

The severe illness of my wife, and one of my children, and the death of another, made serious inroads on my purse, and it had required the exercise of the utmost economy to keep myself free from debt; nay, I had been obliged to withdraw from the bank the small sum, which, besides my salary, was all *I* possessed of wordly treasures. Thinking of this, *I* laid the coin down with a sigh, and turned away to attend to my duties.

The next morning *I* was again summoned into the office, but this time *I* met with no friendly greeting as usual.

"Harvey," said the employer, abruptly, "that coin we were looking at has disappeared. *I* have made a thorough search, but it is not to be found. *It* has been carried away by some one. You alone saw or knew it, and—"

He paused and looked significantly into my face. *I* finished the sentence for him, the hot blood dyeing cheeks and brow as *I* spoke.

"You mean, therefore, that *I* took it —*I!*"

"What else can *I* think? The coin was here; you alone saw it. *I* cannot recall having seen it since it was in your hands. You are in need of money; you told me that yourself. *It* was a great temptation, and *I* forgive you because of our old friendship, but *I* cannot retain you in my employ. Here is the salary due you."

"Very well," said *I* with forced calmness "so be it. Since you have so poor an opinion of me, after years of faithful service, *I* shall not stoop to defend myself."

Then *I* took the money he had laid upon the desk and went out from his presence a well nigh broken hearted man.

But for the tender love of my wife *I* doubt not but that *I* would have buried my sorrows in the grave of a suicide.

Supported by that love, however, and the consciousness of my own innocence, *I* took fresh courage, and set resolutely to work to find an employer.

But powerful is a breath of slander; turn which way *I* might, *I* ever found that the story of my dismissal for theft had preceded me, and my application for employment uniformly met with a refusal.

Time went on; piece by piece our furniture and every spare article of clothing found its way to the pawnbrokers, until, at length, even this poor resource failed us, and my children cried in vain for food.

Yet *I* did not sit down in idle despair; I could not afford to do so; the life or death of all *I* loved on earth depended on my exertion—and so turning away from them with a heavy heart, *I* once more set out on the weary search for work.

All in vain! refusal after refusal met my entreaties for employment. Passing along the street *I* came to a church surmounted by a high steeple, and *I* was attracted by a group of men at its base.

*I*mpelled by some strange impulse, *I* approached and mingled with them.

A workman was standing near by, looking up at the great steeple which towered aloft some 250 feet above them, while a gentleman, evidently an architect, was addressing him in earnest language, and, at the same time, pointing toward the golden cross at the summit of the spire.

"*I* tell you," he exclaimed, as *I* drew near, "it must and can be done. The cross must be taken down, or the first heavy gale will send it down into the street, and lives will be lost. Coward! is this the way you back out of a job, after engaging to do it?"

"*I* didn't know the spire was so high up there. Do it yourself, if you want it done."

"*I* would if *I* were able," said the architect. "But go, if you will; let it be. My honor is pledged to have it done at any price—and *I* can find a braver man than you to do it."

The carpenter walked away with a dogged, slouching step, and the gentleman was about to move away also, when *I* stepped forward.

"What is it you want done, sir?" *I* asked. "*I* am a carpenter; perhaps *I* can do it."

He turned eagerly toward me.

"*I* will make it worth your while. Take down that cross and *I* will pay you a hundred dollars. You will have to ascend those ornamental blocks, and *I* tell you candidly they are not to be depended on; they must be weak and rotten, for they have been there for years."

I looked up at the spire; it was square at the base, and tapered to a sharp point, while along each angle were nailed small gilded blocks of wood.

"*It*'s a dangerous place to work," *I* said, "and there will be even more peril in descending than in ascending. Suppose *I* succeed in moving the stone, and then—"

"*If* any accident happens to you, my brave fellow, the money shall be paid to your family. *I* promise you that. Give me your address."

"Here it is," *I* said, "and as you value your soul keep your word with me. My wife and children are starving, or *I* would not attempt this work. *If I* die they can live on the hundred dollars for awhile, until my sick wife recovers her strength."

"*I*'ll make it a hundred and fifty!" exclaimed the architect, "and may God protect you! *If I* had the skill necessary to ascend that steeple *I* would ask no man to risk his life there.— But come, and keep a steady hand and eye."

I followed him into the church, then up into the spire, until we paused before a narrow window. This was the point from which *I* must start on the perilous feat which *I* had undertaken.

Casting a single glance at the people in the street below—mere specks in the distance—*I* reached out from the window, and, grasping one of the ornamental blocks, swung myself out upon the spire.

For an instant my courage faltered, but the remembrance of my starving family came to my aid, and with a silent prayer for protection and success, *I* placed my hand on the next block above my head and clambered up.

From block to block *I* went steadily and cautiously, trying each one ere *I* trusted my weight upon it.

Two-thirds of the space had been passed, when suddenly the block that supported me moved—gave way. Oh, heavens! never, though *I* should live to see a hundred years, shall *I* cease to shudder at the recollection of that terrible moment.

Yet, even in the midst of my agony, as *I* felt myself slipping backward, *I* did not for one second lose my presence of mind.

It seemed to me that never before had my senses been so preternaturally acute as then, when a horrible death seemed inevitable.

Down, down *I* slipped, grasping at each block as *I* passed it by, until at length my fearful course was arrested, and then, while my head reeled with the sudden reaction, a great shout came up from the people below.

"Come down, come down!" called the architect from the window; "half the sum shall be yours, for the risk you have run. Don't try again! Come down!"

But, no! more than ever now *I* was determined to succeed. *I* was not one to give up after having undertaken a difficult tast.

Coolly, but cautiously, *I* began the ascent once more, first seeking in vain to reach across to the next row of blocks, for I did not care to trust myself again on those which had proved so treacherous. This I was compelled to do, however, until the space between the angles became sufficiently small to allow me to swing across. Accomplishing my purpose, at length, I went up more rapidly, carefully testing each block as I proceeded.

Ere long I reached the cross, and there I paused to rest, looking down from the dizzy height with a coolness that even then astonished me.

A few strokes with a light hatchet that the architect had hung at my back, and piece by piece the rotten cross fell to the ground.

My work was done, and as the last fragment disappeared I found a sad pleasure in the thought that, should I never reach the ground alive, my dear ones would have ample means to supply their wants until my wife could obtain employment.

Sad and cautiously I lowered myself from block to block, and at length reached the spire window, amidst the cheers of those assembled in the street.

Inside the steeple the architect placed a roll of bank notes in my hand.

"You have well earned the money," he said. "It does me good to see a man with so much nerve—but—bless me! what is the matter with your hair? It was black before you made the ascent, now it is gray!"

And so it was. That moment of intense agony, while slipping helplessly downward, had blanched my hair until it appeared like that of an old man. The work of years had been done in an instant.

Entering the bare, cheerless room, which was now all I called home, I found a visitor awaiting me—my late employer.

"Harvey," said he, extending his hand, "I have done you a great wrong. It cost me a terrible pang to believe your guilt, but the circumstances were so strong against you that I was forced to believe it. I have found the coin, Harvey; it slipped under the secret drawer in my desk. Can you forgive me, my dear old friend?"

My heart was too full to speak; I silently pressed his hand.

"I will undo the wrong I have done. All the world shall know I accused you unjustly, not through my works only, but through my actions, too. You must be my partner, Harvey. If you refuse I shall feel that you have not forgiven me."

I did not refuse. Instead, I thankfully accepted the offer which my friend so generously made, knowing that no surer method could have been devised to silence forever the tongue of slander, and free my name from the unmerited reproach which had of late rested upon it.

Unmerited prosperity has attended my steps ever since that eventful day, but neither prosperity or wealth can efface its memory from my heart, nor restore my withered locks to their own raven hue.

◆

STORIES ABOUT DOGS.—A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, writing from Cazenovia, in that State, says: For many years a race of fine New Foundland dogs have flourished in the village where I live, each individual being characterized by some prominent excellence. One, a noble fellow, was often employed to carry packages, and was sometimes sent to market. Nothing could exceed the fidelity with which he performed the business entrusted to him. Late one evening it was discovered there was no beefsteak for breakfast, and the dog was sent for a supply.— He was detained at the market for a time, however, and being forgotten at home, the doors were locked and the family retired to bed. In the morning the dog was found seated beside the basket in which the meat lay untouched under the guardship maintained by him throughout the night.

Another dog worthy of honorable mention once went with a mother and her child to the village. Soon after their arrival the little girl was burned so severely as almost to produce convulsions. A physician, an absolute stranger, was summoned, under whose soothing remedies the girl was quieted and fell asleep, when the doctor took his leave. An hour or two after returning to his office he heard an unusual noise at his door, and opening it found the dog seeking admission. He walked in and seated himself beside the physician and began licking his hand. Then rearing himself on his hind legs to put his mouth to the man's face attempting to lick it, uttering all the while a low cry, and after repeating these demonstrations for a time walked out of the office. Doubtless he had pondered upon his young mistress' sufferings and the physician's efforts to relieve them, and gratitude led him to express his thanks.

◆

SHREWD REVENGE.—The *Court Journal* prints the following:

Apropos of the American story we recently gave of a book agent whom the Omaha people tried to kill, but who returned with Cassel's Illustrated Bible, trying to get a subscription from the head of the attacking party, an equally good story is told of the canvasser of a London publisher. He found his way into the parlor of a branch bank, and saw the manager, who, as soon as he learned his business, ordered him out. Very quietly he said, "I meet with so many gentlemen in the course of the week that I can afford to meet a snob occasionally," and walked out. Next day he called at the bank again, and wished to open an account. He was again shown in to the manager, and gave very satisfactory reasons for opening the account, and deposited £270. The manager could do no less than apologize for his rudeness on the day preceding, and ordered a copy of the work—an expensive Bible—and allowed access to the clerks, several of whom did the same. Two days afterward every farthing was drawn out.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
Friday Morning, - - May 23, 1873.

S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., 10 State Street, Boston, 37 Park Row, New York, and 701 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, are our Agents for procuring advertisements for this paper in the above named cities, and authorized to contract for advertising at our lowest rates.

NONE of Pennsylvania's Congressmen or Senators have refunded the "back pay."

◆

WE have received a pamphlet containing the general laws passed at the last session of the Legislature. They number *sixty-one*. When the huge and ponderous volume containing all the acts which were passed makes its appearance, it will be found to contain not less than from one thousand to twelve hundred *special* laws on all imaginable subjects. When the Constitutional Convention comes to discuss the article on legislation, it is confidently expected that it will put an eternal *quietus* on this vicious and demoralizing practice of the Legislature.

◆

THE Constitutional Convention disposed of the article on the judiciary last week. An effort was made to restore the old order of things, that is, to abolish the law making the Judges elective and conferring their appointment on the Governor. The Convention, however, by a very strong vote, decided that the present system of election by the people should remain undisturbed. If we are not mistaken, the number of Judges of the Supreme Court was increased from *five to seven*. An amendment was also adopted abolishing the office of Associate Judge and providing that each county containing a population of *thirty thousand* inhabitants should have one President Judge. The trial by jury was also elaborately discussed. Some of the members were in favor of allowing *three-fourths* of the twelve jurors in all civil cases to return a verdict. This proposition was voted down, as was also one to permit parties by agreement in writing to withdraw a case from the jury and allow the Judges to hear the testimony and determine the issue. The Convention is proceeding slowly with its work, but we think safely and with the prospect of submitting a constitution to the people which will meet with their approval.

◆

WE are glad to see that Hon. C. B. BROCKWAY, of Columbia county, has concluded to be a candidate for re-election to the legislature and hope the Democrats of that county will show their appreciation of an able representative by giving him a unanimous nomination. Mr. BROCKWAY has already served two terms in the House, and has proved himself watchful, faithful, and efficient. No one was more careful of the interests of his constituents, and none took a more active part in preventing injurious legislation for the people of the State.—*Bellefonte Watchman.*

If the above estimate of the public services of the late member from Columbia county is not intended, as Artemus Ward would say, for "*sarkasm*," then we have wonderfully misconceived C. B. Brockway's career as a "watchful, faithful and efficient" member of the lower branch of the Legislature. In our simplicity we have been led to the belief, taking his legislative record as our guide, that his *status* at Harrisburg was the very reverse of that attributed to him by his friend and admirer, the editor of the *Watchman.* And we think, too, that the Democratic press of the State will not endorse the high sounding eulogium which the *Watchman* has seen fit to pronounce upon him. A Spanish adage tells us that a man is to be judged by the company he keeps, and this is as true of a legislator as it is of a private citizen. When, therefore, a member of the Legislature consents to become the mouthpiece of so infamously notorious a character as Peter Herdic, and aids him by his influence and votes in accomplishing his corrupt and selfish purposes, although he may *possibly* be above actual guilt, he is *not* above strong and well grounded suspicion. C. B. Brockway was the guide, counsellor and friend of Herdic at the last session in driving through the House his (Herdic's) infamous project to erect the new county of Minnequa against the unanimous protest of all the representatives from the counties out of which Herdic's proposed new county was to be formed. No *honest* representative can help to row Peter Herdic's piratical craft and at the same time preserve his reputation untarnished. This has passed into a proverb at Harrisburg. C. B. Brockway is also the same gentleman who, in pursuit of a little cheap notoriety and at the same time to insult Col. A. K. McClure, of the Senate, made the motion, on the night previous to the final adjournment, that he (McClure) be invited to address the House on the subject of *reform*. In that hasty movement Brockway and his friends Sam Josephs, Bob Tittermary, *et id genus omne*, bargained for much more than they ever dreamed of, and were made to quail and cower under the withering rebuke administered to them by the fearless and eloquent Senator.

When a Democratic newspaper like the *Watchman*, whose editor is supposed to be familiar with the damaging record which several Democratic members of the last House saw proper to make for themselves, undertakes to invoke public opinion in favor of a political *trimmer* like Brockway, and to endorse him as a "watchful, faithful and efficient" representative, we most emphatically dissent from its commendations. The Legislature needs reformation, thorough and complete, and the people demand it. To accomplish that great purpose let the *Watchman* contribute all its well known energy and ability.

The Fish Commissioners.

During the session of 1872 the Legislature passed a bill for the propagation of shad and other fish in the rivers of the State. The bill was returned by the late Governor Geary, at the commencement of the last session, with his reasons for refusing to approve it. Another bill was prepared, which passed both Houses, and was signed by Gov. Hartranft on the 28th day of April. Under the provisions of this bill the Governor is required to appoint three competent persons, who shall be known as the State Fishery Commissioners, who shall hold their positions for three years, and who shall be paid their reasonable and necessary expenses for the performance of the duties prescribed by the act.

This is an important question, as nothing can be of greater benefit to the people of the State, and especially the poorer classes, than to have our rivers and large streams abundantly supplied with wholesome and cheap fish. The experiment has been tried in other States with the most satisfactory result, and there is no good reason why the same success should not attend it here. The great advantages to be reaped will more than compensate for the expense incurred, which will be cheerfully acquiesced in by the people. The great and important point is, that the duties prescribed by the act of Assembly should be entrusted to men who understand the business. It is not to be expected that the three Commissioners should possess equal knowledge of fish propagation with Seth Green, of New York, but it *is* necessary that they should have some *practical* experience on the subject; otherwise partial and it may be complete failure will be the result.

Last week the Governor appointed Benjamin L. Hewit, of Blair county, Howard J. Reeder, of Northampton county, and James Duffy, of Lancaster county, to act as the three Commissioners. With all due deference to Gov. Hartranft's better judgment, we are strongly impressed with the opinion that these are decidedly very *fishy* appointments, and that he has committed a grave and serious blunder. We admit that the Commissioners are all gentlemen of great respectability.—Messrs Hewit and Reeder are lawyers and Mr. Duffy is a retired railroad contractor. The two first named are Republicans, while the last is, or was, a Democrat—a very unimportant matter, however, and one against which neither the people nor the fish will raise any objection. We have no doubt that Mr. Hewit, whose home is on the headwaters of the "blue Juniata," knows a great deal about *eels*, which so abound in that classic stream, but that he is as profoundly ignorant about the habits of that most delicious of fish the shad, as is the writer of this article, is to our mind as plain as the nose on his face, and all who know him know how plain that is. Nor can his colleagues lay claim to any superior knowledge, since Reeder is more familiar with the interior workings of the Grand Army of the Republic and Duffy knows more about excavating hard-pan and blasting rock on a railroad section than either of them do about the construction of fish ways or ladders in the dams of the Susquehanna and Juniata. A work has been assigned to them for the proper discharge of which their previous avocations in life utterly disqualify them. As these Commissioners are to receive no salary, but are simply to be paid their reasonable expenses, there is no chance for any stealing worth while talking about, and it is fair to infer that in this instance the office sought the Commissioners and not the Commissioners the office.

If this interesting experiment in fish breeding should fail and the hopes of the people be disappointed, the fault will be with Gov. Hartranft in not selecting the right kind of men to carry out the provisions of the act and make it a complete success.

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A PROPOSITION has been made by the editors of this State to meet and take into consideration the late act of Congress repealing the law allowing newspapers to be circulated free in the counties where published, and also requiring editors to pay postage on their exchanges. If country editors desire to maintain themselves and their business against the ruinous prices—to them at least—of city weeklies, they ought to take decided action in the matter. We are ready to meet in convention and assist all we can to have the law repealed. Any law that has a tendency to put an embargo on education is impolitic, and does injustice to the people.—*Lawrence Journal.*

That's the right talk, and we trust there will be a unanimous expression of sentiment by the editor of the State in favor of the proposed convention. The grievance to the country press, when it comes to be realized, will be found to be insufferable, and must be redressed. The plea that the Post Office Department must be self-sustaining is not sound. It is the *people's* department and they will cheerfully supply the deficiency for the sake of the benefits conferred. It was right to abolish the franking privilege, for Congressmen can well afford to pay their own postage, but to prohibit the free circulation of newspapers in the counties where published, and compell editors to pay postage on their exchanges, is a blow aimed at the diffusion of knowledge to which neither the people nor the press will quietly submit.—Therefore we say let the convention be held, and let the publisher of every country paper, at least, in the State, consider it his duty to attend.

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THE Pittsburgh *Post's* recommendation of Judge BLACK for the vacant chief justiceship of the Supreme Court of the United States meets with general favor. President GRANT could not perform a more graceful act, one which would be received by the Bench, the Bar and the people with approval. If civil service reform means anything here is an opportunity to try it on.

Massachusetts Mormonism.

The Republican party, through the Chicago convention in 1860, declared that one of its purposes was the destruction of those twin relics of barbarism, Slavery and Mormonism. The late civil war disposed of the first named of these institutions, while the other continues to flourish, in the chosen seat of its stronghold, in all its original strength and vigor. Nor is this to be wondered at, since its benign influence has crossed the limits of Utah and spread itself among the unmarried women of moral and loyal Massachusetts. In Lowell, the great shoe centre of that godly commonwealth, a movement has been inaugurated by a numerous body of spinsters, who are deeply impressed with a holy horror for the numberless ills of old maidhood, which has for its object the passage of a law by the Legislature legalizing *plural* marriages. They propose that in view of the great numerical preponderance of females over males in that State, it may be declared lawful for a married man to invest in another wife "in cases where the first wife does not object." If the law which these enterprising and business-like women demand should pass, then a married man in Lowell would be thrice justified in committing suicide rather than suffer a lingering death from the unceasing wooings of a regiment of aspiring damsels in the pursuit of matrimony under difficulties. This is not fancy, but stubborn fact, for these Lowell women boldly declare, in their petition to the Legislature setting forth their grievances, that "they are willing to be the first to engage in the work of reform," or, in plain English, that they will go for married women's husbands and capture them if they can. All this is a fresh outcropping of the peculiar morals of the Bay State, and it will be interesting to learn what the solons of that State, when they meet, will do about it.

The following is a copy of the petition prepared for submission to the Legislature by the unmarried women of Lowell:

"LOWELL, April —, 1873.—To the honorable, the senate and house of representatives of the commonwealth of Massachusetts: The undersigned, citizens of the state, respectfully set forth the grievances under which they suffer as women who are not permitted to vote, hold any and all offices, and engage in the occupations open to men, and are otherwise restricted in the opportunity of earning a living, and herewith beg your permission to suggest a remedy for those evils, upon which they pray your honorable body to act.

"The law which now governs society says, practically, that women should be married, should engage in work at their own homes, and should look to their husbands for support. On the other hand the census shows that it is impossible to carry out this unwritten but recognized law, for the reason that there is

A LARGER EXCESS OF WOMEN

in the commonwealth, and many of the men of lawful age are idle, vicious, incompetent, or otherwise unfit to be the heads of households. Yet your petitioners hold that the matter is not without remedy. Prejudice and custom have decided in favor of restricting the husband to a single wife, yet without justice and authority, as we believe. In the book which lies at the foundation of all law recognized in this country there is no injunction against a plurality of wives, while there are many examples therein recorded in its favor. Men's wives appear to have increased in number in proportion with their flocks and riches. Such a rule even now holds in the land from which the Christian nations receive their religion.

"Your petitioners have no desire to interfere with the regulations of any existing household, but simply to present their claims to the marriage state for your respectful consideration. They deem it their privilege and their duty to suggest the abolition of the law against the marriage of a man to more than one wife, in cases where the first wife does not object, and where it is made evident that the man is able to support the additional burden laid upon his resources. They are aware that it may take years to remove prejudices, and that those who take a second or third place in the household may be looked upon with disfavor; but confident that their proposed action will ultimately do away with much of the social evil that

AFFLICTS AND DISTRESSES ALL COMMUNITIES,

they are willing to be the first to engage in the work of this reform. Society, which now insists that woman shall be married and look to her husband for support, will, after mature reflection, countenance this effort to carry out its law practically.

"It is far from the design of your petitioners to ask legislation in behalf of free-love or any loosening of the marriage bond. We ask that the marriage of the second wife shall be made as binding and permanent as that of the first, and that all the children of the household shall have equal honor. And in asking this, we believe that we have taken a long step toward doing away with foundling asylums, preventing antenatal murders, and lessening the vagabond child population of our large cities.

"For the reasons enumerated, your petitioners respectfully ask the passage of a law permitting plural marriages in the cases above enumerated, and under such other conditions as to your judgment shall be wise and proper."

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THE *Daily Graphic* reminds its readers that the Radical Senate Committee pronounced the Kellogg government a usurpation, and thinks if the United States troops had not surrounded the State government and enforced the illegal decree of a drunken Judge, no trouble worth speaking of would have occured. It casts blame upon the President for the disgraceful part he has assumed in the Louisianna complications, and proceeds to administer the following wholesome correction:

"It is to be regretted that, while affairs are in this critical condition in a great commonwealth, the President is riding about the country, partaking of the hospitalities of the rich, and evidently enjoying himself to the utmost with congenial companions. It would seem that while the Modocs are shooting our soldiers by the score at the Lava Beds, and our nation is irretrievably disgraced in the eyes of the whole world by corrupt commissioners at Vienna, and a whole state is in arms in consequence of Federal usurpation, General Grant, should be anywhere else but where he is. If he cannot attend to the duties of his great office at a juncture so critical as the present certainly is, he ought to resign at once, and make way for a man who is willing to sacrifice pleasure to business, and does not need a vacation every week."

Automatic Government.

THE BEST THE WORLD EVER SAW—HOW SHE RUNS HERSELF.

This is an easy government to run. The effete monarchies of the old world, the empires and kingdoms, and principalities and powers of the other hemisphere, the petty republics of Central and South America, and even the mixed government of King Bill, require constant care and attention; but here is a government "the best," we remember some time to have heard it remarked—"the world ever saw," with a civil service described by the foremost statesman of the party in power as "the best on the planet; a country illimitable in resources, where seats in the Senate are worth from fifty to sixty thousand dollars and railroad companies can afford to pay $10,000 a piece for Senators; a country with an elastic currency and a plastic finance minister, a national debt of magnificent proportions, a syndicate, a peace policy, and a Modoc war—and it runs itself. Early in March, one House of Congress yawned and said: "Our days are as the grass. Let us grab and go away;" and they grabbed a million and a half and returned to their constituents, each man with a smile on his countenance and $5,000 plunder in his hand. A few days later the Senate, which had remained over for introspection, flagellation, and possibly purgation, after it had maundered and mumbled awhile, began to braid straws in its hair and take on airs of madness and to say, "This is lonesome and melancholy, and the country wants rest;" and then having done nothing, it "folded its tents like the Arabs, and silently stole" the rest of the quotation is impertinent.

It was really gratifying to the American people to know that the great republic could get along now for a few months without additional legislation, and that the legislative departments could take a vacation and rest from its labors. It was also incidentally a relief to the great body of the American people to know that the treasury was safe for a few months from all but the ordinary predatory incursions of the departments. There was great comfort in the thought that all the machinery of this wonderful government of the people for the people was in good working order and needing nothing for several months but executive supervision. There were some little matters, to be sure, left unattended to; as, for instance, affairs in Louisiana, where there is a difference of opinion between the people of the State and the family of the President as to who owns the State. The omission on the part of Congress to settle the question as it might have done has left the State in a condition of lawlessness and disorder, out of which there has already been some bloodshed, and more may be expected. But then these are little things compared with the importance of having "loyal" men in office. Beside this, there were only a few investigations in the works, and some odds and ends of things left hanging by the gills.

We all felt proud and happy to think that the executive departments could run the government. And when very shortly the President himself dropped everything and came to New York to take dinner with Mr. Thomas Murphy and examine some horses, and recreate a few days with Mr. Murphy and others, our hearts leaped with joy at the assurance that everything was running so smoothly that the President could safely leave it for a few days, to find relief and relaxation from the fatigues and cares of his great office in the intellectual society of Mr. Murphy. And when he went back by way of Lebanon, Penn., and got to Washington in time to pack a trunk or two and start for St. Louis, and then went to St. Louis and stated that although he had strong attachments for that city, he did not suppose he should again reside there permanently, and when we read that from St. Louis he was going to Colorado, and that if he should get back in time he would make Gov. Jewell, of Connecticut, a visit, and then begin the Long Branch season, we settle down into calm contentment at the remarkable smoothness with which the government goes on under the management of the heads of departments.

There waited us a higher satisfaction, a completer joy. It had not yet appeared but that the several departments needed heads. But the secretary of war felt so easy about his own department that he went home to Iowa at once and without hesitation, leaving the genial and gifted Robeson to take care of the little business of the Modoc war; and Postmaster General Creswell was so confident that the changes in the postal laws would take care of themselves that he started immediately for the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, leaving his department to run itself. And then we remembered that nearly all the departments took care of themselves last fall while the cabinet took the stump, and so we came into a great and radiant content, the purest joy the patriot can know, the satisfaction of having a government that can run itself. And what a blessed thing it was, what a prudent and provident thing in the last Congress to double the salaries of the gentlemen who have so much traveling to do and so many hotel bills to pay.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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"AN OLD ESTABLISHED FIRM.—The firm of S. M. PETTENGILL & Co. commenced their Advertising Agency in the old Journal building, No. 10 State Street, Boston, nearly a quarter of a century ago (February, 1849), where their Agency is still located, carrying on a large and successful business. They established a branch in New York City, May 1852, which has grown to be larger than the parent house,—increasing steadily, year by year, until now it has the agency of nearly every newspaper in the United States and British Provinces, and does a yearly business of hundreds of thousands of dollars. S. M. Pettengill & Co. have recently opened another branch office at 701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, where they are doing a successful increasing business. They have done advertising exceeding ten millions of dollars since commencing business. This firm is favorably known not only throughout this country, but in all parts of the world. They have established a reputation for honorable and fair dealing which any firm might envy, and but few have attained to. We congratulate them upon their success. We would recommend all who want advertising done in any part of the country to call upon them. They can point to hundreds of business men who have followed their advice, and trusted to their sagacity, and availed themselves of their facilities, who have made fortunes for themselves, and they are daily assisting others in the same path."—*Boston Journal*, May 8th.

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—While a gentleman and his little five-year-old daughter were out riding in Manchester, N. H., some time ago, their horse was frightened by a dog suddenly barking at him, and ran away, throwing the little girl out of the wagon, and inflicting severe injuries upon her. The gentleman brought suit against the owner of the dog for damages, and the supreme judicial court has just awarded him $1400.

—Captain Jack, who was to be kept moving until he and the last of his braves were exterminated, has now cut off Davis and Gillem's supply of water. If he should take it into his rascally head to cut off their supply of whisky too, the Lord only knows what would become of them.—*Courier Journal.*

The Bender Butcheries.

DETAILS OF THE KANSAS HORROR—DISCOVERY OF THE BODIES—A TALE THAT MAKES THE BLOOD RUN COLD.

Late Kansas papers give full particulars of the recent discovery of the atrocious murders committed in Labette county, that State, by the Bender family, all of whom are reported to have been captured near Dallas, Texas. The Atchison *Globe* says:

Mr. T. S. Rodabaugh, formerly of this county, and now of Montgomery county, called at the *Globe* office to-day, and gave us the following additional particulars concerning the late horrible discoveries near Cherryvale. Mr. Rodabaugh was on the ground on Friday, and saw from ninety to one hundred persons plowing and digging in search for bodies.

TEN BODIES

had already been found, seven of which were found buried, the other three being taken from a creek near by. Four only had been identified, one as that of Mr. York, as already reported; another was identified as a man who came to Emporia last fall, and worked until he had made money enough to enter a piece of land. He telegraphed to his wife to come on to Emporia and meet him. He went out to find land, got as far as Cherryvale and was never heard of more. In one grave a man was found buried with a little girl underneath him. The man was recognized as one Encore, who formerly lived on Union creek, some twenty-five miles from the scene of the murders. He lost his wife and started with his little girl for Iowa, since which time nothing more has been heard of them. From all indications the work has been done within the last sixty days.

HOW THE WORK WAS DONE.

The manner in which the murders were committed shows beyond a doubt that it was all done by the same parties. No bodies were found under the house. All those discovered thus far were found in the orchard, about one hundred feet from the house, and in the creek. The house has not been moved yet, but it is to be soon. A bible was found, in which were written some startling records, such as "good slaughter day," "one victim to-day," etc. The young man Bender, it is said, bore a good character.

SCENE OF THE HORROR.

The Atchison *Patriot* says the scene of the horrible tragedy is one mile east and two miles south of Morehead station, and six miles northeast of Cherryvale. The house is situated in a beautiful valley, surrounded on the northeast and north by a range of low hills and in fair view of the L., L. & G. railroad and many farm houses, though not nearer than half a mile to any one. The house is about sixteen by twenty, shingle roof and neither ceiled nor plastered.

A SICKENING SIGHT.

The scene on Thursday was too horrible to give a faint description of. Seven bodies in various stages of decomposition were lying on the ground by the side of their open graves, their skulls broken in, and their throats cut from ear to ear, except the girl, who must have been strangled, or else thrown into her grave alive. She was in full dress, as her grandmother had dressed her that morning. She was in the bottom of the grave, and her father lying upon her. The child's body showed no

MARKS OF VIOLENCE.

The manner in which they accomplished these terrible deeds was thus: On the house was posted the sign "Groceries," but they kept nothing but some wines. This sign called in their victims. In the floor near the stove was a trap door, two feet square, which opens into a rude hole in the ground seven feet deep, six feet wide at the top, and three feet at the bottom. The earth outside of the house does not show any sign of excavation. Into this horrible hole was plunged the unfortunate victims whom they

MURDERED IN DAYLIGHT.

The hammers used for breaking the skulls were such as are used by stonebreakers on our streets, and the handles are about twenty inches long. Upon examination it was found that the skulls were all broken on the back and right side of the head, showing that the desperate deeds have been done by a right-handed man.

THE HALF UNTOLD.

Several hundred persons were at the scene of horror yesterday, and the excitement is intense. Every one is confident that half is not unearthed. The work of searching the premises still goes on, and what may yet be developed none can tell, but the people are prepared for anything.

THE FIRST INTIMATION.

The Independence *Republican* says: On Monday last a brother of the lately murdered Dr. York received intelligence that a family named Bender had left their claim near Big Hill creek, in Labette county. Their departure was discovered by some one who passed discovering that a calf which had been tied up had starved to death. Mr. Ed. York immediately proceeded to the ground, and had not been there more than half an hour, when, in passing over a dead furrow in the little garden patch which had been plowed over, his attention was attracted to a piece of sub-soil on the surface. Looking more closely he discovered a straight mark across the furrow where the ground was slightly sunken. By looking closely he was able to trace the outlines of a grave. The end-rod of a wagon was used to probe the ground inside the lines discovered. It was found that inside the lines it was not difficult to thrust the rod in its full length, while outside these lines it would not penetrate deeper than the plowed ground without great pressure. Digging was immediately commenced, and the

BODY OF DR. WM. H. YORK

was discovered. On its being uncovered it was found that he had been killed by blows on the head with a blunt instrument, one on the back of the head at the base of the brain being sufficient to produce instant death. There were two others on either side of the head, and his throat was cut from ear to ear, and so deeply that the head was nearly severed from the body.

AFTER THE FINDING OF YORK

it was determined to make a further search the next day. This was done, and the horrible disclosure was made that there were at least seven other graves on the same piece of ground. Willing hands were soon engaged in resurrecting them, and during Wednesday the

BODIES OF SEVEN MORE VICTIMS

were brought to light, all killed in the same way, and disposed of in the same manner, with the exception of the little daughter of Geo. W. Longcor, who showed no marks of violence, but is supposed to have been smothered or buried alive.

ANOTHER GROCERY.

About a mile from Bender's there is another grocery, kept by a man named Brockman, against whom suspicion attached complicity in the murders, or of a knowledge of their having been committed. He is said to have been a partner of Bender's from 1869 to 1871. The people assembled were confident that he could make some disclosures if he would, and it seemed impossible that these crimes could be committed in such close proximity to him without his knowledge, as his family were in the habit of going to Bender's for milk, he having a fresh cow. It does not seem possible that one German family on good terms with another should not know of its absence for three weeks, when their claims are almost adjoining and their houses less than a mile apart. The neighbors believing thus, and being determined to ferret the thing to the bottom, took Brockman from his house, conveyed him some eight miles in the woods on Wednesday night, and twice hung him to a limb until life was almost extinct, in order to force from him any knowledge of the matter he might possess. In this they were unsuccessful.

GREAT EXCITEMENT

prevails throughout Labette and adjoining counties over this series of diabolical murders, and if any one is captured known to be connected with these murders the courts will hardly be troubled with them.

THE GRAVES

were all deep, and dug in a systematic manner to a depth of about five feet. The surface of the soil was kept separate from the subsoil, and preserved to cover the top. After the burials the ground was carefully plowed and harrowed over.

THE NINTH MURDER

was that of a man named Jones, whose body was found in Drum creek some time since. He was killed in the same manner as the others, and had been hauled to the creek in Bender's wagon, which was easy to track, as the wheel was dished and wabbled. He was thrust through a hole in the ice, the ground being frozen so as to prevent grave digging.

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE

connected with the burials is that all the bodies were buried with the left arm crossed on the breast, and the right arm lying by the side. This is supposed to be the sign of an organized band, and that when one member is arrested the remainder find the money to defend the accused.

THE BENDERS

consist of four persons—the old man, who is a stout, burly fellow with shaggy eyebrows; his wife, not particularly different from the average German woman of low degree; the son, who was a stout youth of perhaps twenty-two years of age, and a daughter, aged about twenty, who pretended to be a clairvoyant, fortune teller and spiritualist, and who seemed to possess complete control over the balance of the family. She was rather good looking, with fair complexion, light eyes, and yellow hair.

◆

News and Political Items.

—Snow fell in the north of England on Sunday last.

—A remote next of kin lays claim to the entire town of Hickman, Ky.

—D. Atalie, the "iron jawed man," died of pleurisy on Monday at Fall River, Mass.

—A drunken Toledo man wrote on the wall of his cell: "Jug not, that ye be not jugged."

—An Apache chief, convinced of the impropriety of polygamy, has set Brigham Young an example in killing five of his six squaws.

—The limb of a falling tree struck Martin L. Melius, a few miles from M'Connellsburg, Fulton county, on Thursday, and injured him seriously.

—Jesse Deihl, from York, Pa., shot and mortally wounded Robert E. Blair, a painter, in Nashua, N. H., on Sunday afternoon. Deihl was arrested.

—New Hampshire has a compulsory education law, and yet there are nearly four thousand children in the little state who do not go to school.

—Donaldson, the æronaut, made an ascension in Reading, Pa., last Saturday evening, in a balloon made of brown paper, and landed safely.

—A superintendent of a Sunday school at Waterford, Erie county, has been detected in forgeries amounting to about $18,000. His name is W. C. Williams.

—A juror in Lycoming county recently took his place in the box clad in a blue cloth coat which had served him as a wedding garment forty years before.

—The New York *Mercury* regrets that the President hasn't a son just graduated from a law school, for then he could appoint a Chief Justice from the family.

—Murder mysteries are accumulating upon the New York detectives. A dead colored woman supposed to have been killed by a jealous rival is the subject of the latest.

—Moses Tyler, of Damascus, Wayne county, is a patriarchal raftsman, eighty-four years of age, who has steered one raft or more every spring since he was sixteen years old.

—It is reported, but the report lacks confirmation, that the Hon. Harry White will not accept pay for services rendered by him to the State as a member of the Constitutional Convention.

—Mrs. Schurz, wife of the Senator, has become heir to a legacy of 250,000 Prussian thalers, or about $170,000, by the decease of her uncle, lately a resident of Hamburg, Germany.

—Northumberland has an apple tree ten feet in circumference and fifty in height, which has been bearing fruit beyond the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. The apples average twenty ounces each.

—Joseph Waltz, a young man arrested on suspicion of murdering Harmon Kutcher at Athens, N. Y., on the first of May, has made a full confession of the crime and direct where the body and money could be found.

—While congressmen who voted for the salary "swag" receive only five thousand dollars extra, Grant for his signature to the bill gets one hundred thousand dollars extra—*twenty times as much!* Now who is the biggest grabber?

—William H. Cluley, of Pittsburg, until recently a respectable manufacturer, is charged with forgery of signatures to commercial paper and has been committed in default of $5,000 bail. The forgeries amount to about $70,000.

—Among the victims of the bridge disaster at Dixon, Illinois, were three former residents of Bedford county—Jacob Cook and wife and Miss Wilhelm. The two ladies were precipitated into the water and drowned, and Mr. Cook sustained slight injuries.

—The suicides of last week gave one man of over ninety, and two women of over eighty. The murders included one boy by his father, two wives by their husbands, and two (perhaps three) husbands by their wives. Our people are improving in wild insanity and crime.

—Cain and Ransier, two of the colored Congressmen from South Carolina, have nominated two white youths, who excelled in competitive examination, for cadetships at West Point. A colored youth, who stood a similar test, has been nominated by Cain for cadetship.

—An unknown Gipsy girl was found dead in a wagon near McKeel's corner, Putnam county, N. Y., a few days ago, and a coroner's inquest has revealed the fact that she was brutally treated. Her companions—an old man and woman, and three young men—have disappeared.

—A fire at South Bethlehem, Pa., on Saturday morning, destroyed the South Bethlehem planing mill and an adjoining house. Loss, $25,000. A man, named Crossman, was caught by the flames in the second story of the mill, and severely burned before he escaped by jumping from the window.

—George Baker, a cigarmaker of Allegheny city, on Friday loaded a toy cannon with powder and slugs, held it against his breast, just opposite the heart, with one hand, and placing a light to the match hole with the other hand, sent himself into eternity. Financial embarrassments are said to have led to the suicide.

—Justice Perry, of Titusvi
county, was a principal actor in a
affair recently. He had been sent
marry a couple, and discovered,
arriving at the house, that it stood
rods within Venango county,
had no jurisdiction. The wedding
therefore, adjourned to an open
there among the bushes the twai
made one flesh.

—A singular wreck occurred
shohocken, on the Reading
week. A heavy rope with hook
fell from the tender of a freight
end of which was secured to the
As the rope and hook dragged
track the hook caught in a
turned it, thus causing the engine
der to run into a coal train
etal of the cars.

—The horror at Germantown,
volving a series of cases of
which a woman named Mrs.
over seventy years, figures as
gradually developing into a
possible more frightful than that
Mrs. Grinder figured some years
is believed that she has
to death eight or nine persons
seven members of her own family.

—At the White House riot
on Saturday evening James
ed, William Briner dangerously
and David Walters slightly.
were fired by John Peeples, a
a section of the Berks county
discharged his revolver at
after he had been knocked down
he was lying on the ground.
a railroader, received a shot
Peeples and several others have
rested.

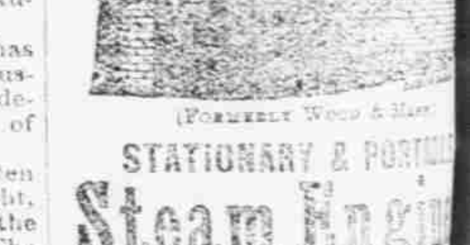
—Dispatches has been received
headquarters, San Francisco,
Davis, dated May 17, reporting
Modocs have left the lava beds.
vis had sent a detachment of
connoiter around the supposed
of the Modocs, but they found
cant. Gen. Davis has sent
dred cavalry troops to
what direction the Modocs have
Warm Spring Indians are
country for traces of the Mod
probably escaped to the

—The wonderful intelligence
is shown in a recent case
York. About two o'clock
Carl Brossler was aroused
ing to his brother Lewis.
across the bed,
then, leaping on the
loudly. Thinking the
very strange, he got up
went to the door.
way, he saw the body of Lewis
the neck from a leather strap
tied to a hook fixed in the

—The latest from the lava
the Modocs are entrenched in a
lava, nearly eighteen miles
the old Tule Lake camp.
been sent forward with
Capt. Hasbrouck, who
the enemy. Firing was
Wednesday morning, and Col.
supposed to be engaged with the
The troops in the field suffer
water. Generals Davis and
lost their lives a few days since
to cross Tule Lake in a gale of w

—A radical paper says:
Begold, of Flint, Michigan,
To be more definite, Josiah
rested for stealing. He has
down and carrying off
ber from government lands
ty and a United States
taken him into custody.
Nothing—only Josiah W. Be
resentative in the congress
States from the Sixth district
Nay, more, Josiah
ical persuasion.
naturally commended him to the
his party.

UTICA
STEAM ENGI
CO.



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specialty. We have the
works of the kind in
specially adapted to
We keep constantly
Engines, which we
and on the shortest
specially adapted to
Tanneries, Cotton Gins,
of manufacturing.
We are now building
lar Saw Mill, the best
ever invented.
We make the manufacture
special feature of our business
complete on the shortest
Our aim in all cases is
chinery in the market,
equaled for beauty of design
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MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB
STONES, COUNTER and CABI-
NET SLABS, MANTELS, &c.,
factured of the very best Italian
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execution of work.
Orders respectfully solicited
and promptly filled at the very
est cash rates. Try us.
Oct. 24.-tf.

LOOK HERE
THE undersigned desires to
zens of Chest Springs
has this day bought from Jas. A.
BLACKSMITH SHOP, Stock and
carry on the business in all
cial attention paid to Horse
tronage of the public is
and satisfaction guaranteed.
Grain taken in exchange
Chest Springs, April 5, 1873.

WANTED, Agents and
for our PRESS AND STR
Presses and strains jams, jellies,
bles, lard, tallow, meats, cheese,
000 sold in a few localities.
family wants it. Sewing Machine
established agents are finding
able. Circulars free. Littlefield &
Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

MILLINERY & DRESS MA
—The attention of the Ladies
burg and vicinity is directed to
MRS. S. E. JONES has just received
of new and fashionable Millinery
rooms, in the East Ward, Ebensburg
Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty.
done. The patronage of the public
fully solic

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

Friday, - - - - - - May 23, 1873.

DEMOCRATIC EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—The members of the Democratic Executive Committee are requested to meet at the Court House in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, June 2d, 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of fixing the time for holding the County Convention and transacting other business for the best interests of the party.

NATHANIEL HORNE,
Chairman Executive Committee.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—About now is the proper time for putting out [illegible] kraut plants.

—Seven prisoners in Castle Bonacker, and several townships yet to hear from.

—A new time-table on the Pa. R. R., to [illegible] next Sunday, is noted among the probabilities.

—The Johnstown *Voice* wants a street [illegible]. A rail that way would probably [illegible] just as well.

—A lady friend of ours thinks she ought to be elected to Congress—she is such a [illegible] white-washer.

—Thirty-six hundred pounds of steer, in one package, went over the Pa. R. R., eastbound, on Tuesday.

—Take your cash to Oatman's cash store, and see if you can't save 15 per cent. on every dollar's worth you buy.

—John Sanders, the man stabbed at Portage on Saturday night last, is now be[illegible] out of all danger.

—"[illegible] like those of a calf" [illegible] ask the Altoona *Tribune* how [illegible] calf is possessed of.

—Don't forget your pocket-book when you go to M. L. Oatman's to buy, for he requires ready cash at the time of purchase.

—[illegible] Murray, one of Ebensburg's best [illegible] confined to the house with erysipelas or some such disease in one of his [illegible].

—A [illegible] that takes to its own "Todd" [illegible] shouldn't have so much to say [illegible] defeat of local option in Cambria.

—Edwin Crum, Esq., a prominent citizen of Wilmore, died on Monday morning [illegible] aged about 69 years. Jaundice, we [illegible].

—The Ebensburg cornet band discoursed [illegible] on our streets Friday evening. [illegible] making rapid strides in the road [illegible].

—John Fields is prepared to furnish elegant [illegible] frames, oval shaped, with glass, at 75 cents each. Also, six [illegible] photos for $1.

—A hotel in Altoona reckons among [illegible] ten men whose united weights aggregate 1,750 pounds, and it ain't the [illegible] hotel in Altoona either.

—We wish to remark, and our language is plain, that for nights that are dark and [illegible] of rain, the present season has been remarkably peculiar.

—Voluntary manslaughter is the verdict [illegible] jury found against John Adcock, [illegible] Beveridge at Penn [illegible] Sunday morning, April 13th.

—[illegible] for a third track through [illegible] tunnel at Gallitzin is now in progress, and as a consequence trains both [illegible] through on one track only.

—[illegible] Kiehl, tried at Greensburg for [illegible] of Jacob Altman by striking [illegible] head with a two pound weight, [illegible] on Wednesday of last week.

—[illegible] Roach, a track layer employed [illegible] Pennsylvania Railroad Company, [illegible] over at Altoona on Thursday and [illegible] leg taken off. It is feared he will [illegible].

—If anybody tells you that the Branch is to be extended to Blacklick this [illegible], you can inform him in as vehement a manner as possible that he is a li— [illegible] of his mind.

—Dr. John L. Fishell, surgeon dentist, [illegible], died of lock-jaw on Sunday [illegible] superinduced it is said by the paring [illegible] on one of his feet the Sunday [illegible]. Beware.

—A gold ear-drop was lost either on High [illegible] streets, between Zahm's store [illegible] R. R. Station, on Saturday evening [illegible]. The finder will confer a favor by [illegible] it at this office.

—R. D. Evans, Esq., of Wilmore, and Michael Brawley, of Washington twp., [illegible] Cambria's best citizens, are now, we [illegible] to learn, lying dangerously ill at [illegible] respective homes.

—The supposed murder of David Ted[illegible] did not occur in Westmoreland, but in [illegible] county, though just over the line. [illegible] Kendall, the man last seen with him, [illegible] Johnstown jail.

—Our mercantile friend, Mr. John Lloyd, [illegible] eight long weeks has been tusseling [illegible] inflammatory rheumatism, is able [illegible] to locomote on his pedal extremities, and we ain't a bit sorry for it.

—A Youngstowner named Mardis has [illegible] in Pittsburgh for "shoving [illegible]," and sentenced to fifteen years [illegible] Penitentiary. Other denizens of [illegible] are said to be suspected.

—By an oversight last week we failed to [illegible] the killing by the cars, at Lilly's station, [illegible] Friday evening previous, of a [illegible] named Patrick Gleason. The [illegible] man was past middle age and [illegible].

—Fashionable young ladies are advised, [illegible] using our paper in the manufacture [illegible], to ask their papas whether the subscription is paid in full, because if there [illegible] on it a very bad cold may result [illegible] use.

—The Johnstown *Voice* very kindly en[illegible] honesty, but as the veracity of [illegible] is not, like Lot's wife, above suspicion, [illegible] chances for the county treasu[illegible] don't seem to be much improved by [illegible] endorsement.

—A Penn Station cow gave birth on Friday [illegible] a calf with a head like unto that [illegible] bull-dog and legs six inches long, resembling those of a porker, but, unfortunately for Barnum, the monstrosity lived [illegible] about two hours.

—A young Altoonian, named J. D. Lew[illegible], while afflicted with the "jim-jams," at [illegible] early hour on Saturday morning last, [illegible] his throat with a butcher-knife, inflicting wounds which produced death about [illegible] of the same day.

—Judge Kinkead is in Baltimore, but [illegible] "a delegate from the Presbytery of [illegible] district to the General Assembly of [illegible] Presbyterians took him" there for is none [illegible] our business. We hope the "delegate" [illegible] bring him back, however.

—[illegible] one woman, for if one knows it [illegible] will be sure to find it out, that [illegible] R. E. Jones has just received and [illegible] a splendid stock of millinery goods [illegible] every description, and that she would [illegible] all the ladies to call and make their [illegible]tions. Prices moderate.

—M. L. Oatman is the only merchant, [illegible] who has had the courage to intro[illegible] so valuable and beautiful an article [illegible] feet as the "Juniata slipper." [illegible] are perfect beauties, and no lady with [illegible] foot should fail to invest in one pair [illegible] at least.

—The *Herald* man ain't such a bad fel[illegible] after all, for instead of threatening to [illegible] a French roof with a small f(ist) over [illegible] right eye, on account of that squib in [illegible] week's *Freeman*, he merely reads us a [illegible] on moral ethics, and then leaves us [illegible] take care of our lacerated feelings as [illegible] we can.

—Wm. Keaghly, a young Johnstowner, is reported to have lost an arm on Tuesday night last by being run over by a train of cars on the Allegheny Valley Railroad, on which he was employed as a brakeman.

—We are sorry to learn of the death of the father of James E. Neason Esq., late County Commissioner, which occurred at his home in Clearfield township, not many days ago. We did not ascertain his age or the cause of his death.

—If it only required our item about the interloper at Rev. Edie's residence to travel from here to Altoona in order to become an attempted burglary, how much ground will it have to get over before it will appear as an accomplished murder?

—The chap who reclined so gracefully on Rev. Edie's sofa, a few nights ago, has been discovered. And where do you think he was found? Why, "in his hat and boots, and all snugly ensconced in the bed of one of our most respectable citizen."

—Hugh Rodgers was badly injured, on Friday last, by a fall of coal in what is known as the mill mine at Johnstown, and while being hauled out in a car, was further injured by a mule jumping into the car and trampling upon him. Still it is thought he will recover.

—Wm. Maxwell, blacksmith, a resident of Hemlock, this county, had one of his feet so badly crushed, on Tuesday afternoon last, by being caught between a large and a post at the Monongahela river lock, Pittsburgh, that that important member of his body had to be amputated.

—Our good friend Michael Walls, of Hollidaysburg, had the misfortune to lose two valuable mules, worth $325, at Mill Creek, a few days ago. A train of cars did the business. Sorry for Mike, as he is one of the most deserving gentlemen that ever navigated the "raging canawl."

—The boarding house of Mrs. Lantz, in Altoona, was entered by two thieves on Thursday night, and robbed of three hundred dollars, all her earnings. She was awakened by the noise, and tried to prevent their escape, but was overpowered and somewhat injured in the scuffle.

—A kettle full of benzole, accidentally upset on a cook stove in a dye house in Altoona, on Friday last, caused an explosion and conflagration, and now the proprietor has to account for several hundred dollars' worth of wearing apparel, once the property of several of his customers.

—Two of our Altoona mercantile friends, Messrs. Thomas Carland and Josh. Dempsey, have sold out, "lock, stock and barrel," within a day or two—the purchaser in the first instance being Mr. Peter Confer, of East Conemaugh, this county. All have our best wishes for their future success.

—Henry Ricker wanted to be incarcerated in the Greensburg jail for attempting, as he himself declared, to outrage a little girl named Mellinger, in Mt. Pleasant township, Westmoreland county, one day last week, but as the Sheriff thought his head wasn't altogether level he refused to comply with his request.

—New goods of every description just received at M. L. Oatman's. Dry goods, notions, trimmings, hats, caps, boots, shoes and gaiters, of all kinds, and everything else in his line, at lower prices than elsewhere in Ebensburg. Take your cash to Oatman's without delay and save 15 per cent. on your purchases.

—Cerebro-spinal meningitis is still doing its deadly work in Clearfield and adjacent townships. The latest death from this disease that has come to our knowledge is that of Mr. John Scherdon, who attended a public sale, on Saturday last, in said twp., apparently in the best of health, but who took sick shortly after returning home, and next morning was a corpse. His age was about 56 years.

—Dick told Harry to tell—not Tom but—us to please inform the readers of the *Freeman* that there will be a meeting of the members of the Dauntless fire company, at their hall in the engine house, on Saturday evening next, to take into consideration the propriety of celebrating the approaching anniversary of our nation's birth, and decide upon how and where, if at all, the celebration will be conducted.

—Jack Mufty, formerly of Hollidaysburg, had three fingers of his right hand so badly crushed by being caught in a lathe in one of the upper railroad shops, Altoona, on Friday last, that they had to be amputated. A scythe in the hands of an awkward companion cut one of Jack's legs very severely, a few years ago, and amputation in that case followed shortly after. If the poor fellow meets with much more bad luck of the kind there won't be a great deal of him left.

—It has been suggested to us that a meeting of ex-soldiers and citizens at the Court House on Friday evening of this week, to make arrangements for the decoration of the graves of deceased soldiers on that day week, would be very desirable, and our opinion is that such a meeting should be held at the time indicated. The Ebensburg cornet band, we understand, have expressed a willingness to furnish the music on decoration day without money and without price.

—A German named Louis Dumond was found in an unconscious condition in the cess-pool of the American House, Hollidaysburg, on Saturday morning last, and his own statement since returning to consciousness, as well as the evidences of maltreatment about his person, has led to the belief that he was beaten and then robbed of his money, about three dollars, as he says, and afterwards chucked into the privy vault, where he must soon have perished had not his situation been so opportunely discovered. Being destitute and without friends, he was sent to the almshouse for treatment.

—We have only space this week to notice briefly the fact that Messrs. Brown & Bro., of Altoona, have opened rooms in this place for the sale of the renowned and popular Singer Sewing Machine, and that they are about opening rooms for the purpose—one of the firm to remain here and the other to hold forth at the latter point. These gentlemen are sons of Mr. W. B. Brown, who at one time published a newspaper in our town, and being correct business men and sole agents in this county for one of the best sewing machines in the market, we have no doubt they will win their way to deserved success. Agents are wanted to canvass the county—men with teams preferred.

—If any one ever had the temerity to doubt that the *Freeman* is the most popular paper, except bankable paper, in town, a little incident which came under our observation on Friday last should certainly serve to dispel the illusion. While returning from our noonday meal at the time indicated we noticed a copy of the other paper on the door-knob of a locked-up house, and on the door-step of the same house lay a copy of the *Freeman*. Nothing startling in that, is there, kind reader? But mark the sequel. At supper time we found the other paper still clinging to that door-knob with the tenacity of a thing of life, which it ain't you know, there being no life in it, while the door-step bore not even the slightest impress of the precious burthen which only a few hours before had found a resting place on its cleanly surface. And then, you know, the purloiner of the *Freeman* had to bow his back in order to secure the prize, while the other paper might have been taken straight out from the shoulder—another straw which the shows the way the wind blows. P. S. That "wind blows" may be an unfortunate allusion, but if any one should attempt to account for the disappearance of our paper on such a hypothesis, obliterate him on the spot and charge it to the account of profit and loss.

SERIOUS STABBING AFFRAY.—The public house of John P. Parrish, at Portage Station, Pa. R. R., three miles east of Wilmore, this county, was the scene on Saturday night last of one of those disgraceful affrays which so frequently result from an over indulgence in intoxicating liquors—culminating in this instance in the stabbing in four several places of John Sanders, a former well known resident of Munster township, but more recently making his home near Portage, and the incarceration in our county jail of Patrick Carr as principal and Patrick Cavanagh as accessory to the crime, with one other alleged participant, whose name we did not learn, still at large. The particulars of the affray we quote from Monday's issue of the Johnstown *Tribune*, preferring to give the statement of the wounded man, presuming it to be correct in all particulars. Sanders, although somewhat given to drink, has never been considered quarrelsome or unruly. He is a man of family, and has recently been employed in a coal mine at Plane No. 3. At the time he was stabbed it is said he was not only duly sober, but was trying to quell instead of create a disturbance. Carr, the man charged with doing the stabbing, was a foreman for Campbell & Co., of Altoona, contractors for cutting and grading a section in that vicinity for a third track on Pa. R. R. He has a wife and four children residing at Plane No. 2. The arrest of Carr and Cavanagh followed speedily in the wake of the crime committed. Unfortunately for them, as well as for the Pa. R. R. Co., a freight train was partially wrecked near Portage on the night in question, and as a consequence the Philadelphia Express east was detained several hours. On the Express was Sheriff Bonacker, who, upon hearing of the affair, formed a *posse comitatus* and repaired to the scene, where the names of the accused were ascertained and the belief expressed that they had betaken themselves to the boarding-house of Ellen McLaughlin, not far distant. To the latter place the Sheriff and his party wended their way, only to find the house closed and inner as well as outer darkness supreme. While awaiting an answer to their knock for admittance, however, Carr and Cavanagh appeared upon the scene from an opposite direction, and upon being questioned as to their names and movements, gave answers which did not satisfy the Sheriff, whereupon they were taken in custody and marched off to the train, by which conveyance to Cresson and a carriage from that point they were safely landed in jail here about eight o'clock Sunday morning. The extent of their crime and consequent punishment, if proven guilty, depends in a great measure of course upon the result of Sanders' injuries. Here are the particulars as the *Tribune* furnishes them:

"To arrive at the correct facts in the case, a reporter for this paper proceeded to Portage this morning and had a personal interview with the injured man, as well as with the proprietor of the house where the affair occurred. From their statements we learned that on Saturday evening a party numbering about a dozen gathered into the bar-room of Parrish's hotel, the only licensed place at Portage, and were enjoying themselves in a very social kind of way until about half-past ten, when Patrick Carr got into a dispute with the landlord, and drawing a large dirk knife from his pocket, he made a lunge at Parrish, cutting him slightly on the right hand. Sanders then stepped between them, and Carr immediately turned upon him and in rapid succession stabbed him four times. The first and most severe wound was in the groin, the knife penetrating to the depth of about four inches. The other three wounds are in the rear portion of the thigh, and although exceedingly painful are not dangerous."

The *Tribune* further says that an *ante-mortem* statement was made by Sanders to Justice Miller, of Wilmore, on Sunday evening, it being feared that he would not live over night. At last accounts, however, the wounded man was doing well, and the fears of his physician, Dr. Devereaux, of Summitville, that inflammation would set in and produce death, are now somewhat allayed, the chances being rather for than against Sanders' recovery.

WEDDED, YET NO WIFE.—The above is the title of a story in one of the flash newspapers of the day, and although we have not read it, yet we have a home story that the heading will suit, and it can be related in one chapter. A lady emigrated with her husband from England a few years ago. The gentleman with whom she had entered into a matrimonial alliance was not her original choice, as she had loved a young man previous to her marriage who failed to reciprocate the tender passion. Coming to this country, the wedded pair settled in Washington county, and by dint of patient industry amassed a handsome competence. Some five months ago the husband died, and after a proper season spent in grief at his loss, the now comparatively wealthy widow concluded to acquaint her first and only love with her whereabouts and condition. Whether it was owing to the fact that she had now in her possession a considerable sum of money, or because of a lingering feeling of regret that he had not reciprocated the affection which she had once plainly intimated she felt for him, the gentleman whom she had admired, and still loved devotedly, answered her letter, and expressed a willingness to enter into matrimonial negotiations. She thereupon bought a ticket guaranteeing him a passage from Liverpool to this city, as she had, a short time subsequent to the death of her husband, removed from Washington county to this place, bringing with her a sister some four years her junior. The English lover arrived at the depot here several weeks ago, and it happened that the widow was at that time on a visit to Washington county, for the purpose of settling up the estate of her deceased husband. The sister accordingly met the stranger, and being mutually pleased with each other, they took a hasty jaunt to Pittsburgh, and returned man and wife. Some three days afterwards the widow made her appearance here, but only to find the object of her affections bound by the most solemn vows to her sister. She didn't go into hysterics, or anything of that kind, but by a systematic course of procedure succeeded in enticing the susceptible Englishman from the embrace of his lawful wife, and they commenced indulging in the illicit gratification of their unhallowed love. The wife suspected that something was up, and after watching for some time, she at length discovered the infidelity of her husband. A scene ensued, and on Saturday evening she called on a justice for advice in the matter, alleging her intention to prosecute the guilty pair to the full extent of the law. What the termination of the trouble will be we cannot yet say, but rich developments will likely transpire ere long.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—Mr. W. L. Akers, of the horticultural firm of W. L. & A. Akers, Johnstown, brought the first invoice of flower plants to our town on Friday last, and also a few specimens of the Peerless potato, certainly a most luscious looking esculent. This firm has made arrangements to supply our people henceforth, through Mr. M. L. Oatman, with flower plants, seed potatoes, and the like, and all who buy of their productions may rest assured that they are dealing with honest men and getting just what they bargain for.

—At the final preliminary hearing, on Thursday last, of Elisha Dickson, charged with outraging a little girl named Heckman, an account of which we published last week, the accused was fully identified by the innocent victim of his beastly lust, and is now in jail here awaiting trial at the July term of the District Court. A threatening crowd at the Johnstown station induced Sheriff Bonacker to forego embarkation with his prisoner at that point, and a closed carriage and a close connection at Conemaugh was adopted instead.

[Communicated.]

THE OLDEN TIME.

MR. EDITOR—It would require a more skillful pen than mine to portray in their true colors all the customs of the "Olden Time." But there are some of the more prominent practices that will be noticed here. The manner of living fifty years ago was quite different from the manner of living at the present time. The trials of the early settlers more nearly resembled the adventures of the Pilgrim Fathers than those of our own times.

CLEARING LANDS.

The beautiful meadow, the bright field waving with golden grain, and the shining orchard of to-day, fragrant with blossoms, were once dense forests covered with weeds, bushes and heavy timber, both standing and fallen. All these had to be removed by the hand of man. The brush had to be gathered, the logs chopped and rolled, the saplings grubbed out, and all burned up. The rooty ground had to be plowed and the roots cut away. All these things required combined labor. Houses and barns had to be built, which individual strength could not accomplish.

THE FROLIC.

As a consequence, neighbors would assemble together and work in concert, and this was called a frolic. There was the grubbing frolic, the chopping frolic, the rolling frolic, the plowing frolic, and the raising frolic.—These gatherings were the occasion of much innocent amusement, which had a tendency to sweeten the toil of pioneer life. After the day's hard work was done, varied athletic exercises were indulged in, such as wrestling, jumping, and dancing.

SHOOTING MARK.

Not unfrequently the old flint lock was called into requisition. This would be taken down from its resting place, beneath the rough joists of the old cabin, cleaned out, bullets cast, patches cut, a mark prepared, and the skill of each marksman tested; and the shots were generally well placed, considering the slow-fire implement used. Every man was a marksman in those days, and the best marksman ranked next in honor to the minister.

HUNTING.

The nights were sometimes spent in "coon-hunting." The raccoon would be treed by dogs, and then a fire would be built in close proximity to the tree, which afforded light for the choppers. The tree would be felled and the dogs let loose for the great struggle of catching the game. On more than one occasion a wild-cat would be caught instead of a "coon," when the struggle for life would be fearful, and as interesting as a Spanish bull fight. Trapping was also attended to by many of these early settlers, and wild beasts of different kinds would be thus ensnared and caught.

PROGRESS.

As the settlement became older the grubbing and chopping frolics were superseded by corn huskings, apple butter boilings and scutching frolics. The young ladies and gentlemen of the neighborhood would convene at a certain dwelling-house and choose partners, after which the scutching frolic would commence in good earnest. A dance would follow in the evening, and the night would be spent in "tripping the light, fantastic toe" to vocal music drawled out at intervals by the same person who called out the figures. Plenty to eat and something strong to drink characterized all these primitive assemblages. Fifty years ago it would have been as remarkable to witness a frolic without ardent drinks as it would now be remarkable to witness a party at which ardent drinks are used.

RELIGION.

And yet people seemed to be quite as religious (pious) in those days as at present.—There were no Sunday schools then, no instrumental music in churches, no choirs, and the preaching was generally done in houses, barns, or tents, but there certainly was much sincerity in the devotional exercises of fifty years ago. Prayer meetings were held on Sundays when there was no preaching, and sermons would be read by some leading member of the congregation.

OTHER CEREMONIES.

Although the country was in many places but sparsely settled, yet marriages and funerals would generally be well attended.—The people turned out on such occasions, and especially at funerals, almost *en masse*, and the procession would often march several miles to the place where "ashes to ashes and dust to dust" were laid. The settlers had purchased land in groups, and these places were sometimes many miles apart, such as the Redstone settlement, Armagh settlement, Fort Ligonier settlement, and various others; and as relatives frequently lived in different settlements, the death of one would necessitate a long journey to the survivors.

X.

GOING UP HIGHER.—As the senior member of the firm referred to below, Henry Fettinger, Esq., familiarly known as "Old Fet," occupies an honored position among our most esteemed and deserving friends, we deem it, so to speak, nothing more than a labor of love to copy the following notice of the firm's recent "new departure," as we find it of record in Saturday's issue of the Altoona *Tribune*. To him and his son our best wishes for continued and enlarged success is cordially extended:

MESSRS. HENRY FETTINGER & SON.—*An Old Firm in a New Place.*—To be fully up with the signs of progress, and in keeping with the "signs of the times," it is most certainly our duty to have our readers posted in regard to the many business changes made in our city. In this particular we desire to call the attention of our readers to the new store room of Messrs. Henry Fettinger & Son, on Tenth (Railroad) avenue, in building adjoining their old place of business, and in the room recently occupied by Kerr & Co., Brokers and Insurance Agents. Mr. Fettinger is one of our oldest citizens, having been in the News and Notion business here for the past seventeen years, and by fair and honorable dealing, a just weight and just measure, has succeeded in establishing his business on a solid foundation. On the first of January, 1872, his son became associated with him, and to-night they will be found in their new quarters, which have been repainted and handsomely embellished, and are admirably adapted for the transaction of their particular branch of trade.

The main business room is 25x58 feet, and has been fitted up with handsome counters of oak and walnut, neat shelving, and is withal well appointed, the frescoing, painting, graining and paper-hanging being models of neatness. The windows are of French plate glass, and together with both the store room and private office are fitted up with neat gas fixtures from the establishment of Messrs. Stewart & Brother. The carpenter work was all done by J. R. Bigham, and the painting, etc., by Ned Mountney. In the rear of the business room is the private office, 20x25 feet, which is in keeping with the store room, having been luxuriously fitted up, is well lighted and complete in every respect.

It will at once be seen from this hasty notice that the firm of Fettinger & Son are up to the times, and that their new departure unmistakably tells of their success in business, attributed to fair and honorable dealing.

In a few days the senior member of the firm will leave for Philadelphia for the purpose of purchasing a large and complete stock of goods in their line, with which the new room room will be stocked.

In conclusion, we would state that the patrons of the old Oak Hall will find the firm of Fettinger & Son in their new quarters to-night, ready and willing to supply their wants. It is not necessary for us to enumerate the varied assortment of goods which they constantly keep on hand. Call upon them and see for yourself.

ANOTHER NEW DEPARTURE.—The subscriber, having failed to dispose of his entire stock of merchandise, is now receiving NEW GOODS daily, and will continue to sell to his old customers, and all others who may give him a call, at as LOW PRICES as heretofore. He further respectfully requests those who are indebted to the late firm of Zahm & Son to call and settle their accounts. Any who fail to do so before the first day of June next will find their accounts in other hands for collection after that date. *These accounts must be closed.*

GEO. C. K. ZAHM.
Ebensburg, May 14, 1873.-3t.

[ORIGINAL.]

"THE BEAUTIFUL CHIME."

Sung on the occasion of Blessing the Bells in St. Mary's Church, Hollidaysburg.

Blest are the chimes—sweet bells that ye ring—
Chiming harmoniously on the clear air;
Joy to our hearts your music doth bring,
Calling us sweetly to prayer.

CHORUS.

Chime on, sweet bells!—sweet bells, chime on!
Angels unite in your thrice blessed strain,
And lovingly bless the children of men;
Chime on, then, chime on, then, again and again.

Gladly we list your chiming to hear—
O! joyful and happy the summons we greet;
And while the sweet sounds fall on the ear,
We haste in God's Temple to meet.
Chorus.

Now, far away the hallowed sounds float,
Chiming o'er cascade and chiming o'er dell;
Hark! how the rocks send back every note,
Loudly your mission to tell.
Chorus.

Gladsome and bright, sweet memories you'll bring;
When youth has passed like the spring-time's fair flowers,
Then in our hearts your blest chimes shall ring,
Recalling life's happiest hours.
Chorus.

Hollidaysburg with all its scenes blest—
The dear Convent school, with its bright, happy times;
St. Mary's, sweet Church, where the spirit finds rest,
Its soft and musical chimes.
Chorus.

The Pastor revered, who doth lovingly guard
His dear flock, but chiefly the lambs of the fold,
Who at the font on our infant heads poured
Life's waters, with blessings untold.
Chorus.

THE Father Brown monument, says the Johnstown *Tribune*, has been completed and placed in position. It is a fine specimen of work, and reflects credit upon the taste and skill of Mr. John Parke, the gentleman under whom the contract for its erection was completed. This monument is built of fine Italian marble. There are three steps for the sandstone base, upon the upper one of which rests the marble plinth, three feet square and sixteen inches high. The sub-base is two feet six inches square and eleven inches high. The die, upon which the inscription is made, is two feet ten inches high and two feet square. Upon one of the panels of the die is inscribed the name, date of death, and age of the deceased. It reads:

TO OUR BELOVED PRIEST,
REV. PETER BROWN,
Died August 8, 1872.
Grant him, O! Lord, eternal rest.

In a semi-circle over this inscription is cut: "Pie Jesu Domine Dona Ei Requiem." The obelisk is seven feet high, fourteen inches square at the base, and eight inches at the top. The whole is surmounted with a cross two feet high. The beneficial societies to St. Peter and St. Patrick will go in a body to the Summit, on Saturday next, to assist in placing in position the cross upon the top of the monument.

HALLOA there! are you aware that from Huntley, the fair dealer and square, you can buy the best of hardware, and home-made tinware, and all kinds of wood ware, besides every style of glassware, and groceries cheap, fresh and rare, at prices that will for cheapness compare with those of any like dealer here or elsewhere? If you don't know these facts, call at Huntley's big house-furnishing depot, Ebensburg, and you will soon see "how it is yourself;" but if you do know them and don't act on the knowledge, we can only say that you are standing very much in your light, and the sooner you get out of it the better for your pocket-book.

SOME people may talk about the big stock of flour, feed and groceries they keep; and others may try to induce persons to buy by declaring they sell very cheap. Yet this bear in mind, nowhere will you find, though you seek o'er and o'er, better flour and feed, and other things that you need, than at E. J. Mills' cheap store. Try his choice teas.

THE RIGHT WAY.—The way to get rich is to spend less money than you earn, and the proper way to do this is to buy where you can buy the cheapest, and buy only what you need. Myers & Lloyd's great mercantile mart offers the best inducements to cash purchasers in this region. Goods very cheap, very select, and very abundant.

For Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Depression of Spirits, and General Debility, in their various forms, FERRO-PHOSPHORATED ELIXIR OF CALISAYA made by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic. As a stimulant tonic for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal. If taken during the season, it prevents fever and ague and other intermittent fevers. [5-16.-4t.]

OBITUARY.

WALLACE.—Died, in Altoona, on the 16th inst., Mrs. MARGARET WALLACE, wife of Thos. Wallace, in the 51st year of her age.

We have never recorded the death of any one not of our own blood and kindred whose demise has impressed us with more sincere sorrow than has that of this truly good woman. Having known her long and intimately, we can bear testimony to her great goodness of heart and to the ever kindly and ever amiable traits of her noble and generous nature. All that a good wife, mother, sister, friend, neighbor and counsellor, and a sincere Christian could be, was the subject of this sketch, and having lived a pure and unsullied life, it is fair to presume that she has been called to that great reward which awaits all who do the will of God. May she rest in peace.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against interfering in any way with all and singular the household and kitchen furniture contained in the dwelling of David D. Watt, of Barr township, Cambria county, the same having been purchased by me at constable sale and left with the said David D. Watt during my pleasure. J. D. MARTIN.
Green Twp., Indiana Co., May 20, 1873.-3t.*

ESTATE OF FRANCIS DRASS, DEC'D.—Letters Testamentary to the Estate of Francis Drass, late of Chest township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, widow of the decedent, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment as soon as possible, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. ANNA DRASS,
Chest Twp., May 23, 1873.-6t.* Executrix.

STATEMENT of the Auditors' Settlement with the Supervisors of Chest Township for the year 1872:

NICHOLAS HELFRICH, Supervisor... DR.
April 26, 1873.

To amount of Duplicate of Road Tax on Seated Lands	$ 380 55	
To amount of Unseated Land Tax received	681 04	
	$1,061 59	

CR.

By Tax worked out on Roads	$339 55	
" personal services	68 37	
" amount paid T. R. Scanlan, Attorney fees	25 00	
" Cambria Freeman, printing	5 00	
" plow furnished Township	10 00	
" materials, etc	12 92	
" amount paid John Thomas, Supervisor	30 00	
" amount paid Jacob Deitrich, Auditor	3 00	
" do. Baltzer Helfrich, Aud'r,	3 00	
" do. Jacob Kirkpatrick, Aud'r	3 00	
" do. Jas. M'Cance, for work,	12 51	
" do. Supervisor for 1873	515 17	
" commis'n on $173.80 pd. out,	3 47	$1,061 59

JOHN THOMAS, Supervisor... DR.

April 26, '73—To amount of Duplicate	$ 359 68	
To order on N. Helfrich	57 00	
	$ 416 68	

CR.

By am't Work done on Roads	$332 08	
" personal services	57 60	
" cash rec'd from Taxables	27 00	$ 416 68

We, the Auditors of Chest Township, certify the above to be a correct statement of the accounts of said Township.

JACOB KIRKPATRICK, } Auditors.
JACOB DIETRICH, }
Attest—PAUL YAHNER, Clerk.
Chest Twp., April 26, 1873. [5-23.-3t.]

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, for confirmation and allowance, on Wednesday, the 4th day of June next, to wit:

The first and partial account of John H. Kennedy, Administrator of John Kennedy, late of Washington township, deceased.

The first and final account of Tobias L. Yoder, guardian of Jonas Yoder and Tobias Yoder, minor children of Jacob T. Yoder, late of Yoder township, deceased.

The second partial account of Mich'l H. Rager, administrator of the estate of Peter Rager, late of Jackson township, deceased.

The account of Christian Weaver, guardian of Sarah Hochstetler, a minor child of Peter Hochstetler, late of Richland township, dec'd.

The account of Jacob Singer, guardian of Wm. H. Horner, David J. Horner, Benj. F. Horner, Emma Horner and Mary M. Horner, minor children of Jonas B. Horner, late of Conemaugh township, deceased.

The account of Christian Weaver, guardian of Lydia Hochstetler, a minor child of Peter Hochstetler, late of Richland township, dec'd.

The account of John Cox, administrator of Charles Helfrick, late of Woodvale borough, deceased.

The account of Paul McKenna, administrator of Mark McLaughlin, late of Washington township, deceased.

The first and final account of Jacob Trefts, administrator of J. Adam Trefts, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

The first and final account of Catharine Gallagher, administratrix of Frank Gallagher, late of Millville borough, deceased.

The first and final account of Elizabeth Kammer, administratrix of Frederick Kammer, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

The first and final account of J. T. Peterson, executor of Hiram Fritz, late of Susquehanna township, deceased.

The final account of Mary Shoemaker and Ellen S. Murray, executors of Edward Shoemaker, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd.

The second and final account of Chas. Anna, guardian of Albert Glasser, a minor child of Francis Glasser, late of Chest township, dec'd.

The second and partial account of Chas. Anna, guardian of Ambrose, Augustine and Julia Ann Glasser, minor children of Francis Glasser, late of Chest township, deceased.

The final account of Henry Bender and D. A. Luther, executors of Americus Bender, late of Carroll township, deceased.

The account of James J. Will, administrator of Julia A. Will, late of Cambria county, dec'd.

The third and partial account of William R. Sechler, administrator of James M. Riffel, late of Summitville borough, deceased.

The first account of Thomas Carland, administrator of Patrick Carland, late of Washington township, deceased.

The first and partial account of E. J. Mills and Rees S. Lloyd, administrators of Stephen Lloyd, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased.

The first and final account of Peter Campbell, guardian of Margaret Switzler, a minor child of Jacob Bender, late of Carroll township, deceased.

JAS. M. SINGER, Register.
Register's Office, Ebensburg, May 5, 1873.-4t.

TRIAL LIST.—Causes set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas, to be held at Ebensburg, for Cambria county, commencing on Monday, June 2d, A. D. 1873:

FIRST WEEK.

Morgan	vs. Holland.
Krise	vs. Hipps & Lloyd.
A. Lloyd & Co	vs. Beaujohn's Adm'r.
Rothrock & Frankel	vs. Callan.
Fish et. al	vs. Allenbaugh.
Fish et. al	vs. Allenbaugh.
Commonwealth	vs. De Beess.
Malzie	vs. Pringle.
Cowan	vs. Gater.
Haven & Co., for use	vs. McLaughlin.
Apple	vs. Williams & Brown.

SECOND WEEK.

Gates	vs. Wolf & Welshons.
Humphreys	vs. Flinn.
Trefts	vs. Pitts *et. al.*
Lloyd	vs. Somerville & Hipps.
Garrett's Adm'rs	vs. Collins.
M'Crossin	vs. Hughes.
Cambria Iron Co.	vs. Christy.
Patterson & Co.	vs. Krise *et. al.*
Murphy	vs. Nutter.
McGonigle's Ex'rs	vs. Wilkens *et. al.*
Nutter	vs. Weakland.
Finney & Bannons	vs. Stephenson & Co.
Myers & Co.	vs. Kessler.
McGlade	vs. Hammer.
Krise	vs. Nesson.
O'Donnell *et. al.*	vs. Arble.
McGuire	vs. Wharton.
Black	vs. Howell.
Bendon	vs. Trexler.
Hipps & Lloyd	vs. Harter.
O'Friel	vs. Sweeny.
Brotherline	vs. Youngkin.
Helfrick	vs. Hipps.
Jones	vs. Powell.
Ake	vs. Lloyd.
Tiley	vs. Allison.
Gree	vs. Louder & Miller.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, May 5, 1873.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors and the Treasurer and Collector of Carroll Township for the year 1872:

H. HOPPLE, *Supervisor*........Dr.

To am't of Duplicate	$822 00	
To Order on Treasurer	131 02	
To Cash	17 48	
		$970 50

Cr.

By Work done by Taxables	$804 52	
By Cash	17 48	
By Services as Supervisor	148 50	$970 50

A. LEOH, *Supervisor*........Cr.

To amount of Duplicate	$655 41	
To Orders	85 32	
To Cash	20 68	
		$761 41

Cr.

By Work done by Taxables	$620 77	
By Cash	32 64	
By Services as Supervisor	108 00	$761 41

JOS GAUNTNER, *Treasurer and Collector*, Dr.

To amount of Duplicate		$860 24

Cr.

By Exonerations	$ 8 09	
By Orders paid	805 63	
By Orders and per centage on collections	23 87	$837 59
Balance due Treasurer, &c		$22 65

We, the Auditors of Carroll Township, do certify that the above is a correct statement of the accounts of said Township.

J. J. THOMAS,
S. A. SHOEMAKER, } Auditors.
THOMAS EHLIG,
J. J. THOMAS, Clerk. [5-16.-3t.]

LICENSE NOTICE.—Petitions for License to be presented at June Sessions, 1873:

TAVERN.

Clearfield Twp.—H. Mariett, G. A. Dreneman.
Croyle Township—Mich'l Gates, Frank Kurtz.
Carrolltown Borough—Paul Elwanger, Andrew H. Haug, Lawrence Schroth.
Chest Township—Thomas Ott, Geo. Crook.
Chest Springs Borough—Silas A. McGough.
Ebensburg Borough—John Fitzharris, West Ward; R. P. Linton & Son, East Ward.
Gallitzin Township—Michael Fitzharris, W. B. Macomber, Mich'l McMorris, Mathew Dignam, M. F. Kelly.
Loretto Boro'—Florian Bengele, F. X. Hahl.
Summitville Borough—John C. Boland, Wm. Linton, Christian Reich.
Washington Township—Christopher Robine, George W. Mullin, Mrs. Annie Murphy, Jacob S. Kiel.
Wilmore Borough—George Wentroth, Joseph Horner, Valentine Maltzie.
White Township—John Yohnkin.

EATING HOUSE.

Carrolltown Borough—Julius Stelch, Henry Blum.
Ebensburg Borough—Michael Latterner.
Munster Township—Christina Itel.
Washington Township—M. B. McLaughlin.
Wilmore Boro'—John Schroth, Peter Ermire, Patrick F. Kirby.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, May 6, 1873.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.—Notice is hereby given that the following Appraisements of Personal Property of decedents, selected and set apart for the Widows of intestates under the Act of Assembly of the 14th day of April, A. D. 1851, having been filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, will be presented to the Orphans' Court for approval on Wednesday, the 4th day of June next, to wit:

Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Margaret Stuby, widow of Jacob Stuby, late of Carroll township, deceased,—$300.00.

Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Catharine Gallagher, widow of Frank Gallagher, late of Millville borough, deceased,—$287.50.

Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Margaret Kaylor, widow of William Kaylor, late of Allegheny township, deceased,—$259.99.

Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Alice Wharton, child of Stanislaus Wharton, late of Clearfield township, deceased,—$253.60.

Appraisement of certain real estate elected to be retained by Elizabeth Jones, widow of David W. Jones, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased,—$300.00.

JAS. M. SINGER, Register.
Register's Office, Ebensburg, May 5, 1873.-4t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of OTHO STYNER, dec'd.

Letters Testamentary on the estate of OTHO STYNER, late of Washington township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

F. M. GEORGE, } Executors.
JOSEPH CRISTE, }
Hemlock, May 16, 1873.-6t.*

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon.*, *Al. Vend. Expon.* and *Fieri Facias* *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on Monday, the 2d day of June next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Ellen McLaughlin, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Washington twp., Cambria county, adjoining lands of Wm. Russell, estate of Mrs. Rose McGough, and others, containing 7 acres, more or less, all cleared, having thereon erected a two story frame house and a frame stable—now in the occupancy of Ellen McLaughlin. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Zechariah Roberts.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Barnabas McDermitt, of, in and a certain lot of ground situate in Ebensburg, Cambria county, fronting on Julian street and extending back to the public square, adjoining lot of J. Moore on the north and Evan Evans on the south, having thereon erected a two story frame house and a frame stable—now in the occupancy of James Todd. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Cambria County.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Peter A. McGough, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Nagle, sr., Philip Cooper, and others, containing 79 acres, more or less, about 40 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story frame house and a frame barn—now in the occupancy of Peter McGough. *Also*, a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Neason, Andrew Burgoon, and others, containing 30 acres, more or less, having erected thereon a water saw mill—now in the occupancy of Peter McGough. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Randolph McMullen.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of James Parrish and Catharine Flanagan, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Carroll twp., Cambria county, adjoining lands of Peter Bertram, Simon Owens, and R. Hite, containing 84 acres, more or less, about 30 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story log house and a log barn—now in the occupancy of Jas. Parrish and Catharine Flanagan. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Felix Jacobs.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Zepharia Weakland, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna twp., Cambria county, adjoining lands of Hiram Fritz, Isaac Weakland, and others, containing 60 acres, more or less, about 15 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house, a frame barn and a small stable—now in the occupancy of Zepharia Weakland. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Johnston Moore.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of William McCombie, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna twp., Cambria county, adjoining lands of Simon Weakland and Jacob and James Kirkpatrick, containing 123 acres, more or less, about 25 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story log house and a log barn—now in the occupancy of Wm. McCombie—and a one-and-a-half story plank house, partly finished, not occupied. *Also*, a piece or parcel of land situate in Blacklick township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Joseph Miller, Abraham Lenizy, and others, containing 50 acres, more or less, unimproved. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of J. C. Fisher et. al.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, May 6, 1873.

DENTISTRY!
AT REDUCED RATES!

DR. L. D. HOFFMAN, graduate of Dental Surgery, respectfully informs the public that he has permanently located in EBENSBURG, where he may be found every day of the week.

DR. HOFFMAN, after having had ample practice for the space of seven years, does not hesitate in affirming that he can give perfect satisfaction in every case relating to the profession. All branches of Mechanical and Surgical Dentistry carefully and scientifically performed. Particular attention given to filling decayed teeth. Also, teeth extracted without pain. For further information concerning prices, etc., call at his office on High street, opposite the Cambria House, where may be examined samples of his work, *which need only be seen to be appreciated*. [may 25.-tf.]

CRAWFORD HOUSE,
EBENSBURG, PA.
John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.)

THE APOSTLE OF THE ALLEGHENIES!
JUST PUBLISHED:
THE LIFE OF REV. DEMETRIUS GALLITZIN,
PRINCE AND PRIEST.
BY SARAH M. BROWNSON,
With an Introduction by ORESTES A. BROWNSON, and a fine Portrait. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Price, $2.50.
JAS. B. DODGE,
[5-23.-2m.] 59 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.
Sept.25.-tf. GEO. C. K. ZAHM Cashier.

Executor's Notice.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the Estate of JEREMIAH NOONAN, late of Munster township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted by the Register of said county to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ELIZA NOONAN, } Executrices.
AGNES NOONAN, }
Munster Twp., April 18, 1873.-5t.

Estate Notice.

HAVING obtained Letters of Administration on the Estate of PETER J. DUMM, late of Barr township, Cambria county, dec'd, the undersigned hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. HENRY S. DUMM,
Barr Twp., April 18, 1873.-6t.* Adm'r.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,

John Dougherty, Sr.

Subject to the decision of Democratic County Convention. [Ebensburg, Apr. 25, '73.]

F. P. TIERNEY. JAMES NULL.
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE
—OF—
TIERNEY & NULL,
Colonnade Row, Ebensburg, Pa.
☞ Special attention paid to collections in all parts of the United States. [2-18-'71.-tf.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence on Crawford st., West Ward, where night calls should be made. [4-4.-tf.]

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
CARROLLTOWN, PA.
Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made at the residence of JOHN BUCK, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER. WM. H. SECHLER.
SHOEMAKER & SECHLER
Attorneys-at-Law,
[9-15.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO. PA. [tf.

NOTICE TO JURORS.—No Court will be held on the Fourth Monday of May. Jurors summoned for that week will therefore not attend. W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, May 7, 1873.

J. GALLITZIN LAKE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

THE BOUND BOY.

"I don't care!" sobbed Julius Kingsley. "You're real mean—so you are!" And he threw himself down on a pile of disjointed kindling wood in a paroxysm of childish rage.

"Is that the way to talk to me?" angrily demanded Mrs. Parley bestowing a cordially given box on either side of the doomed young victim's head; "and you nothing on earth but a bound boy! I hain't no patience with you—and Job himself wouldn't have!"

"Gently, mother, gently! What's the matter now?" demanded Farmer Parley, cautiously thrusting his sunburnt shock of hair into the wood-shed door.

"Matter!" echoed Mrs. Parley. "Why just—just look here! Them wheels off the old wheel-barrows hysted up to the ruff, with the second-hand harness you bought o' Deacon Silsbury, and the strips for the new rag carpet—and all the wood tumbled down higgledy-piggledy, to make room for it. And the hens ain't fed, and the cows ain't gone after—and there ain't nothin' done that ought to be! I tell you I hain't no patience with his experiments and his tricks. Get up, Julius, this minute, and go for the cows; and not a mouthful of supper will you get this night."

Julius Kingsley obeyed sulkily and with drooping head. He was a bright-looking boy of about thirteen, with dark-gray eyes and thick brown hair, which hung over a low square forehead; and as he walked he clenched his boyish hands until the nails indented the flesh in crescent shaped marks.

"I won't stand it!" muttered Julius to himself. "They've no business to treat me so."

And then the wrathful mood subsided in some degree, as he remembered the many deeds of kindness he had received from both Mr. and Mrs. Parley—the care in sickness, the neatly mended clothes, the many little tokens of watchfulness so new and grateful to the orphan boy; and little Alice too, who trotted at his heels when he went to gather apples in the orchard, and tho't of the wooden toys his ingenious jack-knife furnished, the most marvelous of creation.

"I suppose I am a trial," sighed Julius; "but she needn't have torn all my machinery down; and then to box my ears, too!"

It was rather a derogatory process to the boyish dignity of thirteen.

"You ain't in earnest about his supper, mother?" queried Farmer Parley, as they sat down to the well-spread evening board.

"Yes, I be. Have some quince sass, Alice?"

"Remember he's a growing boy," pleaded her husband.

"I can't help that; he's got to learn to behave himself, and there ain't no other way of managin' him. It was only yesterday he blowed the top off my best presarvin' can, to show Alice how a steamboat worked, and last week I most got poisoned with a bottle of some stuff he'd got tucked away on the shelf that I took for vinegar."

"Sulphuric acid, mother," said little Alice. "It was to—"

"I don't care what it was for," interrupted the farmer's wife. "Julius can behave well enough when he's a mind to, and he's got to." And the farmer knew from the way his wife compressed her lips together that she was in the most unmitigated earnest.

Julius Kingsley went supperless to his room, but before he had begun to undress a soft knock came to his door, and Alice's voice whispered:

"Julius! Julius!"

"What is it?"

"Open the door. I've got a piece of peach pie for you, and two rusks and a bowl of milk."

"But what will your mother say, Alice?"

"She's gone to Mrs. Badger's, and she thinks I'm in bed, but I got up and dressed myself. I couldn't sleep, Julius, thinking how hungry you must be." And she nestled down close at the bound boy's side, as he eagerly devoured the supper which she had brought him.

"I was hungry, Alice," said Julius, as he took a long draught of milk, "and you are a good little thing. I'll do as much for you some day."

Alice laughed.

"I don't get into scrapes like you, Julius."

"That's no sign you never will."

Mrs. Parley, secretly relenting in the depth of her mother's heart, gave Julius the brownest cakes and the juciest bit of meat for breakfast the next morning.

"He'll behave himself now, I guess," she thought; but in this she was mistaken.

Julius "did up" his chores in the shortest possible period of time that afternoon when Mrs. Parley had betaken herself to the sewing circle with little Alice, and the farmer was going to the neighboring village, and then applied himself with more zeal than discretion to the further prosecution of the experiment that had ended so disastrously for the preserving can.

"The tea-kettle isn't of glass," thought Julius," and I know I can make that work.

Vain unction to lay to his soul; for just as the experiment, whatever it happened to be, reached the culminating point, up flew the tea-kettle from the stove, tortured by too much coloric, and bang went the lid right into the dresser cupboard, that held Mrs. Parley's best set of china.

Julius stood staring aghast at the ruin. All housekeepers have their domestic idols, and this new "iron stone" set was Mrs. Parley's. The teapot lay noiseless and demolished before his eyes, three cups were broken, and the handle was dashed off from the cream pitcher, while the knob was chipped neatly off the cover of the sugar bowl.

Julius only paused for one glance at the general ruin; then he turned and fled ingloriously from this Waterloo of his scientific efforts. And the next day all Brickerton knew that Farmer Parley's bound boy had run away, after first demolishing all of Mrs. Parley's china, out of sheer revenge, because she had boxed his ears the day before.

"I always knew that boy wouldn't come to no good," said Deacon Jones.

"There was a vicious look in his eyes," croaked Miss Lavina Denham, "and I only wonder he didn't set fire to the house and barn you all in your beds."

But little Alice cried bitterly, and treasured more tenderly than ever a goggle-eyed doll, with arms out of all proportion and feet several degrees larger than its head, which was the last wooden exploit Julius had presented to her.

"I'll never have another bound boy," asserted Mrs. Parley.

* * * * * * *

"Well, well," sighed the farmer, "how time does slip away from us, to be sure! Alice is nineteen to-day, and it don't seem right she should be away from us on her birth-day. She's been three months in the city now, wife."

"Yes," said Mrs. Parley, nodding her head sagely, "and I don't believe she'll come home alone, neither."

"Eh!" exclaimed the farmer, opening wide his big blue eyes; "you don't s'pose she's engaged to that Mr. Clinton?"

"You men are so slow to put two and two together," said Mrs. Parley with a conscious smile. "I've suspicioned it this long while; and Mrs. Carter writes that it will be a splendid match, and that half the young ladies in Boston are envying our little country girl. Only think, won't it be nice to have our Alice a rich lady, living in a big house in Boston?"

Mr. Parley stared steadfastly at the fire.

"Who is he, any way?" he asked in a troubled tone. "She's all the child we've got, wife, and we can't give her to a man without knowing who and what he is."

"You needn't worry," said his wife, with the superior calmness of one who is posted. "He's as steady going as you be yourself—at least so Mrs. Carter writes—and he's an inventor, whatever they may be. Any way, he made a great fortune out of a patent he sold to the government. Alice won't have to work all her days as hard as I have done, and that's one comfort."

And when Alice's shy letter, which implied far more than it told, intimated that she was coming home under Mr. Clinton's escort, the old farm house was duly swept and garnished for the reception of the honored guest. Mrs. Parley put on her best black silk, and the farmer donned his butternut suit, which seemed to him as gorgeous as on the day he bought it, twenty good years before.

"I wonder which train they'll come in," said Mrs. Parley, reflectively. "I should hate the worst kind to have that turkey spoiled."

But such a catastrophe was happily averted, for the travelers arrived as the stormy twilight made the glory of the great wood fire doubly grateful—there was the crunch of wheels in the deep snow without, the opening of the door, and then Alice was in her mother's arms. In the back ground a tall figure stood stately, dignified, and self-contained, with jet black hair and grave violent gray eyes, and the farmer made his best bow as Alice introduced "Mr. Clinton," with a deep red flush upon her cheek.

"You must like him very much, father, for my sake," she said, "because I have promised to be his wife."

When the hospitable meal was over, and Mrs. Parley came in from the kitchen, pulling down the sleeves that had been rolled up above her elbow, and tying on a clean checked apron, Alice sprang to her feet.

"Mother," said she, with her face all smiles and dimples, "Mr. Clinton has bro't you a present."

"A present!" cried Mrs. Parley.

"And father must get a hammer and screw-driver, and open it very carefully, for it's china."

"China?"

"Yes, *real* china, imported from Canton; so transparent that you can look through it in colors of life. Oh, it is beautiful."

She stood by, gleefully clapped her hands as the treasures were unpacked, and enjoyed her mother's delight as the beautiful, fragile things, one by one, made their appearance from countless wrappings of silver paper.

"How kind it is of you, Mr. Clinton!" said Mrs. Parley, looking up with beaming eyes. "I always did set store by china."

"Not kind at all," said the young man quietly; "it is simply the settlement of a very old debt."

"A debt!" repeated the farmer's wife, with puzzled eyes. "I don't think I fairly understand you, Mr. Clinton."

He smiled.

"It is to replace the set I broke, trying experiments, twelve years ago."

Mrs. Parley started, beginning to have uncomfortable doubts as to the entire sanity of her daughter's lover. And then, as he smiled again, a sudden light broke in upon her brain.

"It ain't, never"—she began and then stopped short.

"Yes, it is, mother!" cried Alice, radiantly. "It's Julius—*you*, Julius!"

"Whose ears you have boxed deservedly so many times," laughed the young man.

"And he has made his fortune, mother, and he is a great man now, and I always knew it would be so," went on Alice, flushed and excited. "And it all came from the experiments he was always trying."

"Well, I never!" cried Mrs. Parley, while the farmer rubbed his spectacles, and laughed a low, chuckling laugh, which expressed his perfect contentment better than all the adjectives in Webster's dictionary could have done.

And the chill December noon, shining through the far off window beyond the orbit of the firs, beamed upon no happier household in all the land than gathered that night around farmer Parley's hearthstone.

◆

THE worm has begun its ravages on the current bushes. A sure preventative is said to be white hellebore, in powder, applied, on the first appearance of the worm, by means of a box prepared with holes somewhat larger than those in a common pepper box.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!

FRANK W. HAY

Manufacturer,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet-Iron WARES,

AND DEALER IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

Cooking Stoves,
Heating Stoves.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

C. C. K. ZAHM,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,

Ebensburg, Pa.

EBENSBURG

BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than evrr offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail.

LEMMON & MURRAY,

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

EBENSBURG

WOOLEN FACTORY!

HAVING introduced new machinery into our Woolen Factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSINETS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles STOCKING YARNS, &c., &c.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.

T. M. JONES & SONS.

Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872.-tf.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, (opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg.—M. M. O'NEILL & Co., Proprietors. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is now prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, all qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COAL, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity. Orders left at the ZAHM STORE will receive due attention.

DANIEL H. ZAHM.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO.,

BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law* Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [aug.27.]

THOMAS CARLAND,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,

FISH SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,

BACON, FLOUR,

FEED AND PROVISIONS.

1323 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE.

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

Nos. 150 and 152 Clinton Street,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and chairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

Andrew Moses,

DRAPER & TAILOR,

CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

LOOK SHARP AT THIS!

136. THE ONLY CATHOLIC 136.

BOOK & PERIODICAL STORE

IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

M. P. MEAGHER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in STANDARD CATHOLIC WORKS of all kind, PRAYER BOOKS, BIBLES, HISTORICAL and CONTROVERSIAL WORKS, PERIODICALS, PICTURES, FRAMES, &C., &C., 136 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa. Will sell every article at Baltimore or Philadelphia prices. *A liberal discount allowed to the Rev. Clergy, Libraries, or those buying in large lots.* Books bound and Pictures framed at the lowest possible prices. All the Eastern Weekly Papers for sale.

136 Franklin Street, Johnstown, 136.

THE BIGGEST SHIP AFLOAT!

PERSONS going to Europe, or those sending for their friends to the *Old Country* ought to buy their tickets from M. P. MEAGHER, Agent for the celebrated National Line of Steamers to and from Europe. This Line is remarkable for comfort, speed and safety. Drafts for £1 and upwards sold at the lowest current rates. For further particulars call at MEAGHER'S BOOK STORE, 136 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa. [June 22, 1872.-tf.]

CASEY, FOGARTY & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

MONONGAHELA & OLD RYE WHISKY,

AND ALL KINDS OF

DOMESTIC LIQUORS,

AND IMPORTERS OF

Foreign Wines, Gins, Brandies, &c.,

No. 315 Liberty Street,

Dec. 6, 1871.-3m. PITTSBURGH, PA.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, AND MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

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THE

NEW DISCOVERY

In Chemical and Medical Science.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. DR. E. F. GARVIN'S SOLUTION OF TAR. TRADE MARK. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES
Cure Incipient Consumption.
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Remove Pain in the Breast.
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Restore the Appetite.
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LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS.

JOHN D. THOMAS,

Boot and Shoe Maker

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY!

SAMPLE STREET,

Near Union School House, Ebensburg.

THE subscriber desires to call the attention of the citizens of Cambria and adjoining counties to the fact that he has now in successful operation in Ebensburg a Shop for the manufacture and repair of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES,

Spring Wagons, Sleighs,

And all other description of Work in that line.

Employing none but skillful workmen and using only the best materials, I feel confident I can give entire satisfaction in work, styles and prices.

Platform work done at short notice. Repairing of all kind attended to at reasonable rates.

A Blacksmith Shop in connection with Manufactory. Call and see specimens of work.

June 22, 1872.-tf. D. M. CHUTE.

Murray & Dunn,

PROPRIETORS OF

PHŒNIX FOUNDRY AND STOVE WORKS,

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

HAVING purchased the establishment lately known as Enterprise Foundry, we are now prepared to manufacture

LIGHT CASTINGS

of every description.

The Various Styles of Stoves

manufactured at our establishment are in all respects equal to any in the market.

Steam Engines and all kind of Machinery

promptly and satisfactorily repaired.

☞ All our work is warranted to be exactly what it is represented. [Aug. 30.-tf.]

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

AMERICAN
BONELESS
SARDINES.

They have received Diploma for their merit wherever exhibited. Pronounced by all, the cheapest luxury of the age, valuable, and almost necessary to the table, to travelers, or at pic-nics. Packed in the best Olive oil of our own importation, in tin boxes finished same as the imported; and are sold at less than half the cost of French Sardines. Their delicious flavor and nutricious qualities recommend them to all classes. Sold by all first class grocers.

Wholesale by

THE AMEAICAN SARDINE CO.,

April 4, 1873.-3m. 51 Broad St., N. Y.

STILL UP AND AT IT!

CABINET MAKING AND UNDERTAKING.

Thankful for past liberal favors, the subscriber desires to inform the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he is still carrying on the business above named in all its branches, on High street, nearly opposite the Public School House. Substantially made Furniture of all kind sold at lowest figures. Coffins of any desirable size or finish furnished on short notice, and funerals attended to promptly and satisfactorily.

ROBERT EVANS.

Ebensburg, March 21, 1873.-6m.

GALLITZIN HOTEL,

GALLITZIN STATION, PA. R. R.

Having just purchased, refitted and refurnished this well known and commodious Hotel, the subscriber is fully prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage, and especially invites the attention of his friends in Cambria and Blair counties to this fact. Neither expense or pains will be spared to make all feel at home who sojourn with me. TERMS MODERATE.

M. FITZHARRIS, Proprietor.

Gallitzin, April 4, 1873.-tf.

Captain Jack of the Red Modocs.

I'm Captain Jack of the red Modocs,
Who grimly at the government mocks,
Enthroned among the lava rocks;
  For I'm the pest of the army.
I've lead them many a weary dance,
Weary dance, weary dance;
For a dirty, savage, red nuisance,
  I'm an awful pest to the army.

Killing and scalping, and drinking rum,
I always thought the best of fun,
Till the soldiers came—then off I run,
  So as not to be caught by the army.
"Don't take his home!" the peace-men cried,
The peace-men cried, the peace-men cried,
And hard and fast the hands they tied
  Of those cruel men of the army.

I toled them to my mountain lair;
The peace-men led them into the snare,
In which I managed to "take the hair"
  Of the bravest man in the army.
The country then did wildly shout,
Did wildly shout, did wildly shout,
"Let there Indian scoundrels be 'cleaned out'
  By the boys in blue of the army.

I am Captain Jack, the Modoc red;
Around me is a fatal web
Of gleaming steel and eager lead
  In the vengeful hands of the army.
And sabre stroke and pistol crack
Will end the life of Captain Jack,
And all the rest of the wolfish pack
  That have torn the braves of the army.

A Story for Young Men.

I had grown reckless after I moved to M——; that is, I fell in with a crowd of professed friends, who drank, swore and cared nothing for morality in general. At first I held back, I had not been used to it; but I could not withstand the sneering laugh of my companions which always greeted me when I refused to join in any of their wicked acts, and by degrees I became very reckless. It makes me shudder even now when I think of it. I had never been blessed with a sister's love. I resided with my mother in this village of about four hundred inhabitants. Many a night when I would go reeling home from the shop at the north end of the town, I would find my dear mother watching for her son—listening if perchance she could catch the sound of his unsteady step. Many a time did I waken from my drunken slumbers and hear that fond mother sending up a petition to God in behalf of her intemperate son. Oh! what a wretch I was, bringing down her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. She began to look aged and careworn; but I kept on in my sinful ways until a circumstance occurred to stop me in my downward career.

I was starting out one evening to the grog-shop, when I suddenly remembered that I had spent all my money at that place the evening before. I remembered also that I had seen my mother put a few pennies (her hard earnings) in a cup that day. *I was tempted!* I tried to resist, but my appetite was too strong. I slipped cautiously to the cupboard, removed the money from the cup, deposited it in my pocket, and was starting from the house when my mother entered. I did not turn my head, for I felt guilty—guilty of what I never was before—a thief. My mother called me; there was something in her voice which I could not resist.

"What is it mother?" said I.

"Oh, Willie! do stay at home with me to-night," said she, grasping my hand in both of hers. "Don't drink to-night; take my advice just once."

Oh! how many times since have I wished that I had taken her advice that night. But I consoled her by telling her that I would not stay long. I wended my way to the grogshop; but my mother's words; "Oh, Willie, do stay at home with me to-night," kept ringing in my ears far louder than the drunken oaths, and for once I did not stay what I called late; but when I reached home the bells in the neighboring city were tolling the midnight hour.

A strange feeling seized me as I approached my home. The light was placed in the window as usual to guide the wanderer's steps. I went to the window and looked in. There sat my mother in her easy chair; her eyes were closed and I thought she slept. I tried to chase my fears away as I went around to the door; my hand trembled when I laid it on the latch, and it thrilled my very heart when it arose with a sharp click.

I had never known such feelings before. I entered; I beheld in my mother's hand the very cup from which I had removed the money. I laid my hand on my mother's shoulder and spoke to her. She moved not; I spoke louder; still no answer. I listened but could not hear her breathe. I laid her gently on the bed, brought water and bathed her white forehead. Reader imagine my joy when I saw that dear mother open her eyes.

"Oh, mother!" cried I, "forgive me. Oh! forgive your erring boy."

"I do," was the answer, and a heavenly smile lit up her face.

"Meet me in Heaven, Willie."

"By the grace of God I will."

And my mother's spirit has fled to the God who gave it.

"It is not necessary for me to prolong the description of the mournful scene. Suffice it to say that from that moment I was a changed man—snatched as a brand from the burning. Since that time not one drop of whisky, wine, or anything of the kind has passed my lips, and by help and strength given me from above, NEVER WILL.

THE women are shopping now, and nothing but the top-knot of the average clerk is visible above the towering counter, except when he goes up for another piece of goods, and then it is interesting to study the emotions that are at work within by the wrinkles of the scalp. Ah, no one can really understand the mighty thoughts that surge through the clerk's brain when he is asked if he "hasn't got something a little lighter." We who have comfortable homes, and kind parents, and bakers' bread, seldom think of this.

JOSH BILLINGS ON SILENCE.—[illegible] iz a still noise.

One of the hardest things for [illegible] to do, iz to keep still.

Everybody wants tew be heard [illegible] and this iz just what fills the [illegible] with nonsense.

Everybody wants tew talk [illegible] to think, and nobody wants to [illegible]

The greatest talkers among the feathered folks are the magpie and guinea hen, and neither of them are of [illegible] account.

If a man ain't sure he iz right, the best kard he kan play iz a [illegible]

I have known many a man to win in an argument by just knodding his head once in a while, and simply saying, "jess so, jess so."

It takes a great many blows to drive in a nail, but one will clinch it.

Sum men talk just as a French [illegible] trots, all day long, in a half [illegible] meazzure.

Silence never makes eny [illegible] and alwuz gets as much credit [illegible] due it, and oft-times more.

When i see a man listening [illegible] cluss, i always say to myself [illegible] Josh, that fellow is taking your meazure.

I have heard men argy a [illegible] hours and a half and not get any further from where they started than [illegible] in a tread-mill; they did a good [illegible] ov going round and round.

I have sat on jurys and [illegible] yer talk law, fakts and evidence [illegible] kase all out ov me, besides starting [illegible] taps on mi boots.

I have been tew church [illegible] some gospel, and com [illegible] it that i couldn't [illegible] without starting a button.

Brevity and silence are the [illegible] kards, and next tew saying [illegible] saying a little iz the strength [illegible] game.

One thing iz certain, it iz only grate thinkers who can afford to be brief, an thare has been but [illegible] umes yet published which couldn't be cut down two-thirds, and [illegible] them could be cut clean back to the title-page without hurting them.

It iz tew find a man ov good [illegible] who kan look back upon [illegible] sion and wish he had sed [illegible] but it is easy tew find [illegible] wish they had sed less.

A thing sed iz hard to [illegible] unsed it kan be spoken [illegible]

Brevity iz the child ov silence [illegible] iz a great credit tew the old [illegible]

SEWING ON A BUTTON.—It is [illegible] to see a bachelor sew on a button [illegible] is the embodiment of grace al[illegible] married man. Necessity has [illegible] experience in the case of the former [illegible] the latter has depended on [illegible] else for this service, and, [illegible] the sake of society, it is rarely [illegible] to resort to the needle himself. [illegible] the patient wife scalds her [illegible] runs a sliver under the nail [illegible] finger of that hand, and it is [illegible] man clutches the needle [illegible] and, forgetting to tie a knot in the [illegible] commences to put on the button. [illegible] ways in the morning, and [illegible] twenty minutes after this he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the site of [illegible] pushes the needle through one eye, carefully draws the thread after [illegible] about three inches of it sticking [illegible] way. He says to himself: "[illegible] men don't have the easiest time [illegible] see." Then he comes back [illegible] and gets the needle through [illegible] enough, and lays himself out to [illegible] eye, but in spite of a great deal of [illegible] jabbing, the needle point persists [illegible] ing against the solid parts of the [illegible] and finally, when he loses patience, [illegible] gers catch the thread, and that [illegible] ches he had left to hold the button [illegible] through the eye in a twinkling, and [illegible] button rolls leisurely over the floor [illegible] picks it up without a single remark [illegible] respect for his children, and makes [illegible] er attempt to fasten it. This time [illegible] coming back with the needle he [illegible] both the thread and button from [illegible] by covering them with his thumb [illegible] is out of regard for that part of him [illegible] he feels around for the eye in a very [illegible] ful and judicious manner, but [illegible] losing his philosophy as the search [illegible] more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and [illegible] and it is just then the needle [illegible] opening, and comes up through the [illegible] and part way through his thumb [illegible] celerity that no human ingenuity [illegible] against. Then he lays down the [illegible] with a few familiar quotations, [illegible] the injured member between [illegible] and then holds it under the [illegible] finally jams it into his mouth, and [illegible] while he prances about the floor [illegible] upon heaven and earth to witness [illegible] there has never been anything like [illegible] the earth was created, and [illegible] whistles, and moans, and [illegible] while he calms down and [illegible] pants, and fastens them together [illegible] stick, and goes to his business a [illegible] man.—*Danbury News.*

A DOCTOR'S DIARY.—A pocket [illegible] has been picked up in the street, and [illegible] is in the finder's possession, [illegible] owner. From the following [illegible] appears that the loser was a medi[illegible]

"Kase 230, Mary An Perkins, [illegible] washwoman. Sikness in her hed [illegible] sum blue pills a conpertink [illegible] me one dollar, 1 kuarter [illegible] good kuarter, and mak her take [illegible]

"Kase 231, Tummes Kranks, [illegible] ishman. Lives with Paty Ma[illegible] keeps a dray. Siknes, [illegible] tow blak eys. Fisk to drink [illegible] twict a day of sasiperily [illegible] and fish ile, with asfedity to make [illegible] flsiky. Rubed his face with [illegible] iment; aged 39 years of age [illegible] the mixter, and wuddn't pay me [illegible] tasted nasty, but the mixter'll [illegible] nards, I reckon.

"Kase 232, Old Misses Boggs. [illegible] no bisnes, but plenty of money, [illegible] awl a humbug. Gav her sum of [illegible] brated 'Dipseflorikon,' wich she [illegible] like cold tee—wich it was too. [illegible] sumthing in it to mak hear [illegible] bad. The Old Wommen [illegible]

TO CLEANSE CARPETS.—One [illegible] ful of liquid ammonia in one gallon [illegible] water will often restore the color [illegible] even if produced by an acid or alkali. [illegible] a ceiling has been white-washed with [illegible] carpet down, and a few drops [illegible] this will remove it. Another way is [illegible] the carpet is well beaten and [illegible] scour with ox gall, which will not [illegible] tract grease, but freshen the [illegible] pint of gall in three gallons [illegible] will do a large carpet.